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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886.

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SHE WAS HER FATHER'S DEPUTY.

HATTIE McKAY, THE SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD DAUGHTER OF A MICHIGAN SHERIFF, TAKES A BIG PRISONER TO THE
PENITENTIARY.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the POLICE GAZETTE, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to
RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

ATTENTION! EYES FRONT!

Now that the spring season of sport is fairly opening and that fresh opportunities to keep up the extraordinary and world-wide reputation of this paper are hourly turning up, it will not be out of place to announce to our thousands upon thousands of readers that we are still wide awake and abreast of the times.

For example, in our next week's issue, we shall commence, with other novelties, the publication of a strictly authentic and reliable life of Jack Dempsey, in which the entire record of that wonderful boxer will be set forth in full. It will be one of the most interesting contributions ever made to fistie history.

In the same number, Mr. Rankin, the well-known writer on baseball, will resume his gossip articles on that popular subject. Anybody who knows anything at all about the national game knows that nobody in the world can treat the subject more vividly or readably.

In other departments, notably those of racing and rowing, we shall show the same progress and the same zealous desire to give our readers the best they can get anywhere for their money.

In this country there are any number of persons in the publishing business who envy our enterprise and liberality. They endeavor to decry our efforts to promote athletic sport in all its branches, and yet they never spend one dollar to assist or promote pugilism, running, walking, rowing, wrestling, etc. It is startling, but, nevertheless, true, that since May, 1880, Richard K. Fox has expended over \$50,000 in gold medals for rowing, running, wrestling, bicycling, pigeon shooting, baseball, skating, lacrosse, fifteen-ball pool, boxing, snowshoe racing, etc.

In every part of the United States and Canada contests have taken place for gold medals and other valuable trophies which cost a fortune, and there is no other proprietor of any sporting paper in this country who has ever done the like. The late Frank Queen offered a cheap baseball and a few prizes for billiard players some years ago, but their value was small compared with those annually given away by Richard K. Fox.

Besides the innumerable trophies that have already been offered and won by the successful athletes there are now to be seen at this office the following valuable trophies:

The "Police Gazette" diamond champion belt of the world, value \$2,500.

The "Police Gazette" six-day go-as-you-please diamond champion belt, value \$1,000.

The League base ball championship trophy, value \$1,000.

The "Police Gazette" 24-hour neel-and-toe walking championship belt, value \$500.

The single scull amateur championship rowing trophy, value \$500.

The amateur championship base ball trophy, value \$300.

The Canadian baseball championship trophy, value \$500.

The "Police Gazette" professional champion 20 mile bicycle medal, value \$500.

The single scull champion medal, representing the championship of the Police Department of New York, value \$200.

Independent of these and other medals and trophies, Richard K. Fox is now having a diamond belt made at a cost of \$2,000 which is to represent the middle weight pugilistic championship of the world, and it is contemplated to offer a Champion's Trophy for rowing, to represent the single scull championship of the world.

No sporting paper in this country can keep pace with us. The circulation of this journal is nearly as large as that of all the other papers combined, and the chief reason is that we do all we can to promote and elevate sport, and lend a willing hand to assist all professionals, as many can testify to. Now the season is opening, as usual, we intend to keep up with the times and do all in our power to arrange and promote every kind of sport and athletic exercise.

It is when the working classes have no money to spend that we have a business depression.

STRIKERS are not sluggers, but Hoxie's insolence is enough to make any peaceable man a hard-hitter.

A WASHINGTON society lady brings her opera-glasses to church. There don't any spring bonnets get away from her.

HOWELLS, the novelist, says his work never tires him. Howells, the novelist, is different in that respect to many of his readers.

ELLEN TERRY gets a salary of \$20,000 per annum, and only acts when she chooses. We know of several actors in America that get twice as much and never act at all.

TALK about "stealing the coppers off a dead nigger's eyes!" A Cleveland (O.) undertaker has been convicted of stealing one of the eyes of a corpse. An Ohio man would steal an open grave.

LOUISE MICHEL announces that she will make a lecture tour in America. Come on, Lou, here is the place where you can do the least harm, and France will probably interpose no objections.

GEN. SHERIDAN is prouder of his four little daughters than he is of his record. Romping with the little ones keeps him young and sensible. Gen. Sherman is not so fond of children. He likes them older.

THE Rev. Sam Jones tells Chicago that what she needs is old-fashioned honesty. If the Rev. Sam Jones had been an ordinary chestnutter he would have fixed Chicago's chief want at women with smaller feet.

ST. LOUIS people evidently bathe on occasions. The Atlanta Constitution reports that whenever grand opera is presented at the Missouri metropolis the scent of toilet soap is distinct all over the theatre.

THERE is something strongly suggestive about the word "boycott," but the article itself is ten times more formidable. This is a fact worth remembering in view of the efforts being made to "down" the strikers.

ONE of the wives of King Thebaw was presented by some British officers with a bottle of gin, which she used to perfume her clothing. There are several men in this locality that would bring a high price in Burmah.

THE citizens of East St. Louis are waging a bitter war on tramps, and vagrants coming across the bridge are treated with scant favor. This makes it a little rough on the good people of St. Louis who wander over there for work.

THE oldest tree in the world is said to be a chestnut at the foot of Mount Etna. Now we know where all the gray-headed jokes come from. Those told hereabouts could certainly come from no other chestnut tree than the very oldest.

A CINCINNATI policeman has been discharged for going to sleep on the train when he was bringing a prisoner into the city and allowing him to escape. That is proper. The sooner policemen learn that they must not sleep anywhere but on their beats the better.

AN effort is being made to secure a pardon for Phipps, the man who stole the roof off the Philadelphia almshouse. To reassure that portion of the public, which objects to tying its roofs down, it is given out that Phipps is in such poor health that he will not live long.

JUDGE W. K. MAKEMSON, of Texas, who defended Holland in the recent murder trial, says the paradise of hard drinkers is the town of Laredo, on the boundary line between Mexico and the Lone Star State. He says: "Take an American dollar and start in and take a drink on the Texas side of the line and you'll receive as change a Mexican dollar. Cross the boundary into what is known as Nuevo Laredo, take a drink, tender the Mexican coin and get a United States standard dollar in change. You can keep this up all day and you'll feel like the cowboy pianist when you get through."

THE daring express robbery on the Rock Island road recalls some of the exploits of the James brothers and their gang. The express messenger in this case proved to be a brave man, and had he been able to reach a weapon would, no doubt, have put more than one of the criminals beyond the reach of punishment. As it was, surprised and evidently overpowered by numbers, he made a gallant fight, and lost his life in the effort to preserve the property in his charge. If he left any family the express company should see to it that his widow and children are amply provided for, and some suitable memorial should be placed over his grave.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Mr. Charles R. Thorne, the veteran actor, is in New York once more.

Miss Mary Anderson will sail for Europe on the Aller, of the Bremen line, on June 5.

Mr. Fred Vokes is reported seriously ill in London. But then Fred Vokes is always ill.

The "World" company will hereafter be under the management of Mr. Samuel Colville.

Mr. Charles L. Bradshaw will leave Lotta's company at the end of the current season.

Mr. J. H. Ryley has been elected vice-commodore of the New Rochelle, N. Y., Yacht Club.

Mme. Selina Dolaro is lying seriously ill of hemorrhage of the lungs at her residence in New York.

Miss Flora Moore's "Toy Pistol" company has disbanded in Atlanta, Ga. The "Toy Pistol" burst.

Miss Maud, the daughter of Gen. Banks, will be a member of Mr. Fred Ward's company next season.

A company of deaf and dumb amateurs are to play "Hamlet" in London. What a treat it must be!

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight will pass the summer in Europe. Manager Frank W. Paul will accompany them.

Lawrence Barrett will spend the summer at Cohasset, and Edwin Booth will be his guest for a number of weeks.

Mr. Boucicault's new comedy, "The Jilt," has made a hit at the New York Star, where it will be played a fortnight longer.

Mr. George F. Rowe's Japanese play, "The Lily of Yeddo," is to be produced at the Criterion theatre, Brooklyn, on April 5.

Mr. William Davidge, Sr., will, on the 20th of next June, celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance on the stage.

Mrs. Langtry is to appear in London in May as the beautiful Helen of Troy in Mr. Godwin's Greek play modeled on "Sophocles."

The widow of the late Harry Beckett is again living in New York, and her daughter is engaged to play in Mr. Augustin Daly's company.

Violet Cameron's American tour will be under the direction of Mr. H. J. Hitchings, and not Mr. Frank W. Sanger, as has been reported.

Mr. George Monroe, of the Knights' "Over the Garden Wall" company, has been seriously ill of pneumonia, but is on the road to recovery.

Mr. Oscanian has completed a new society drama for Fanny Davenport. It is very much on the "Fedora" order, with the scene laid in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin will sail for Europe on May 23. Their house at Ocean Spray has been leased for the summer to Commodore Perkins.

It is rumored that Mr. John A. Mackay contemplates starring as Oona, in "The Shaughraun," a part he played with great success a number of years ago.

Mr. Harry G. Lambkin, well known as a circus performer, died in South America from yellow fever, Feb. 25. This is not Harry Lambkin, the cricketer.

Mr. Frank Torrence is now in advance of the Redmond-Barry company, which is playing on the New England circuit after a successful tour in the West.

Lydia Thompson and her "Oxygen" company played a very successful engagement in Brooklyn last week, and will appear this week in Baltimore.

Mr. George C. Boniface, Jr., who left the McCaull "Black Hussar" company previous to its arrival in Boston, will join Mr. Hoyt's "Tin Soldier" company.

The Cragg family of acrobats and gymnasts are about to return to London, and their appearance at the Globe this week is the last they will make in this city.

Manager Schoeffel has booked a very strong list of attractions at the Park theatre for next season, and the dates there are practically filled up to April, 1887.

Power's "Ivy Leaf" company, which has been playing to large audiences in the Park theatre, will appear on the New England circuit this week, beginning at Worcester.

Nat Goodwin will probably open his season at the New York Bijou with a new version of "Bottom's Dream." Let's hope the bottom won't soon fall out of Nat's own dream.

San Francisco managers state that farce-comedy is a failure on the Pacific coast just now. Manager Hayman has instructed his representative not to book any more for this season.

When Miss Adelaide Neilson was in St. Louis in 1880, she stood in front of the bronze statue of Shakespeare, and said: "Old fellow, you have done a great deal for me, a great deal."

W. J. Ferguson and Miss Ada Dwyer have taken the places of Mr. Herbert Archer and Miss Belle Archer in the "Alone in London" company, since it last appeared here.

Mr. George F. Learock and Miss Ella Wren have left Mile. Rhea's company. Mr. Boyd Putnam succeeds the former as leading man of that constantly changing organization.

Everything is again on a harmonious footing at the Comedie Francaise. The little unpleasantness growing out of the re-engagement of Mile. Dudlay as societaire has been arranged.

Miss Mae F. Mace, a member of the Stafford-Foster company, died at the residence of her parents in Brooklyn, of consumption, on March 8. Her remains were cremated last Monday.

Mr. Edward Kendall was returning from Europe on the Oregon when she sunk last Sunday. He estimates his loss at \$4,500, says it was his all in the world, and was all cash at that. Ha! ha! ha!

Adelaide Moore's intelligent acting has made a deep impression in Brooklyn. During the

past week, while she was playing at the Criterion, it transpired that she is the wife of a wealthy and highly respected Brooklynite.

Lillian Olcott, who is at present starring in the West with considerable success, will make her debut in the Metropolis before the close of the season. Her repertoire includes *Gaiatea*, *Rosalind*, *Pauline*, *Parthenia*, *Juliet* and *Viola*.

Bessie Fairbairn has played leading roles in one of Bennett and Moulton's opera companies for two seasons without losing a single performance. She will take a much-needed rest after June 1, from which date she will be at liberty.

The many friends of Harry Sanford, the handsome young business manager for Maggie Mitchell, will regret to learn that he is lying at the Sherman House, Chicago, seriously ill with congestion of the brain. The doctors, however, give hopes of his recovery.

T. W. Keene attended the first production of "Tom, Dick and Harry" at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Brooklyn, last week. He occupied a box with his wife and private friends, and was one of those who applauded the Salisbury Troubadors the most heartily.

A MYSTERIOUS KILLING.

Kellogg Nichols, a Trusted Messenger of the United States Express Company Dies at His Post of Duty.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When the train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway, which left Chicago, at 11 o'clock Friday night, arrived at Morris at 1:30 A. M., Saturday, it was discovered that the express-messenger in the employ of the United States Express Company had been murdered and that the murderers had made their escape with \$21,000 in money besides a large amount of jewelry, the value of which cannot be exactly stated.

Morris is a station about 16 miles from Joliet. The train consisted of, in addition to the regular passenger coaches, two baggage-cars, which were used by the United States Express Company. The first car was in charge of Kellogg Nichols, the regular messenger of the express company, and the second in charge of William Watts, a baggage master in the employ of the railroad company. The train left Joliet on time at 12:45, and everything was then all right. It stopped for coal a few miles outside of the city, and then proceeded on its way. Hardly had it got under full headway when Mr. Watts heard some one rapping at the door of the forward end of the car. Supposing it to be the express messenger he unlocked the door, when four masked men, three of whom held revolvers in their hands, sprang into the car. The fourth one was armed with an ax, which he held with both hands, thrown across his right shoulder. They demanded the key to the safe, and were told Nichols had it. They left Watts under cover of a revolver held through a skylight by one of their number, and went to Nichols' car. They killed him, secured his key, and returned to the baggage car and rifled the safe. They then left the train as it slowly approached Morris.

The conductor and local express agent rushed to the car and found it in the condition described by Watts. The floor of the car was littered with papers and books, the doors of the safe stood wide open and everything about the place was in the greatest disorder. The two men then hurried to the other baggage car, which they quickly opened. A horrible sight met their gaze. The dead body of Messenger Nichols lay in the forward end of the car, while everything about gave evidence that the unfortunate man had only given up his life and the property entrusted to him after the fiercest of struggles. There was no one to tell the story of the crime, and as the conductor swung his lantern about he shuddered at the terrible spectacle he beheld. Blood was everywhere, all over the car, on the chair and trunks, many of which were thrown out of their places. The way bills were scattered about, also covered with blood. Conductor Wagner, after his hasty glance about the car, knelt beside the body of Nichols, and quickly satisfied himself that life was extinct. The body was removed to the waiting-room at the station, and the coroner notified as soon as possible. After a short delay the train continued on its journey to Davenport, Watts being left behind to assist in the investigation.

When daylight arrived an examination was made of the body, which disclosed the terrible wounds the man had received. He had, indeed, sold his life dearly. Three bullet wounds were found, one passing from the right neck through, coming out near the ear on the left side. A second bullet struck him near the right collar bone, and came out on the left side of the breast, while a third passed through his left arm. He had evidently defended himself with his right arm by raising it to shield himself from the blows that were aimed at his head, for the right hand was cut and bruised, while the wrist was broken. The wound, however, that caused the messenger's death was dealt with an ax, which caused a cut five inches in length, extending from the ear to the top of the head. The sharp edge of the ax had penetrated deep into the head, laying the brain open and covering the hair with blood. In addition there were twenty-six cuts on the face and head, some of which were delivered with the ax and some with the butt end of the revolver. The men were evidently afraid to fire, except as a last resort, lest the noise might be heard outside the car. The fight must have lasted fifteen minutes at least, the messenger defending himself as best he could.

At first he had no weapon, but finding that it was to be a struggle to the death he managed to jump to the side of the car and seize a large poker which was hanging there. This he used with good effect for a time, injuring at least two of his antagonists. With three bullets in his body and with one wrist broken he still fought for his life and the property in his charge, and only gave up when the deadly blow was dealt him with the ax, which laid him low. They had fought from one end of the car to the other, and the only wonder is that the messenger fought so long against such terrible odds. The lamp in the car had been extinguished, so that the battle ended in darkness, and when the conductor entered at Morris he found the poker covered with blood hanging in its place on the wall. While one of the robbers was searching the dead man's pocket for the key to the safe another must have taken the poker and hung it up. In the dead man's right hand was clutched a tuft of hair, pulled from the head of his assailant. The hair is straight, about three inches in length and of a light sandy color. This was taken by the coroner and turned over to the detectives as a valuable and the only clue to the perpetrators of the outrage.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



The Graham Murder.

We have already published the full details of this horrible wife murder, some two weeks ago, with several striking illustrations, which occurred near Brookline, Mo. At the head of this column will be found the portrait of Cora Lee, the second wife of Graham, who married him, it is alleged, knowing him to have a wife living. On another page will be found the portraits of Graham, his murdered wife Sarah and Mrs. Molloy, the great temperance advocate, who adopted Cora Lee as her daughter. Both these women are charged by Graham as being accessories to the crime. Considerable credit is due Detective Ed. C. Davis for the masterly manner in which he has solved this damnable mystery. His portrait is also printed in this issue.

The Harrisburg Soldiers' Orphan Asylum.

Little James Ginley, son of the late Capt. James Ginley, once the well-known commander of the Pittston McClellan Rifles, is the "Oliver Twist" of the Mount Joy Soldiers' Orphans' School, out of which recent investigation has brought so many revolting facts.

Jimmy is a bright little fellow of perhaps thirteen years of age, with a dash of independence and courage about him, and many traits of character that strongly remind one of his gallant father. He entered the Mt. Joy school on the 24th of September last, and he knows that rickety old barrack from cellar to garret with its dirt and misery and suffering. He wore a neat suit of the regulation kind, which was given to him just previous to his departure, and a welcome substitution, he says, for the patched up paraphernalia which was given him upon his arrival, and which was never changed until he was coming away. His eyes are much inflamed and weak, and are now under the care of Dr. Taylor, who says that they were



Where their food came from.

fast becoming incurable, but that he is yet able to effect a cure.

"Well, Jimmy, how did they treat you down at Mt. Joy?" queried the reporter.

"Oh, they used me about as they did the rest of them," the little fellow replied, "and you may be sure that that was not very good."

He was asked to relate, as nearly as possible, his experience, and he told then some very sad particulars of the way the syndicate ghouls grow rich on the money of the people. "I will show you our bill of fare," he said, and producing a note book he read off a monotonous menu for the different banquets of the week in which "sults" (boy for dried apples), stewed prunes and ginger snaps played a conspicuous part. "They just gave a fellow enough butter to make him feel how nice it would be if he could just get hold of the quantity that he could taste," said Jimmy, "and all this in full view of the teacher's table, which was loaded with the best. We never got any milk or sugar to our coffee, except once when the inspectors came and then you couldn't hardly notice it. Then everything was cooked in such a filthy way that it used to make me sick. They used to pick up dirty old pieces of bread from the floor, toast them, and make us eat them. Rice was the mainstay of the establishment, and we had rice, rice, rice, until everybody got tired. Then they'd put in a raisin and a currant or two for a 'draw'."

"Everybody had to wash their own clothes, and if they didn't do so they were allowed to wear them until they were awfully filthy. After I had worn my underclothes until they were soiled I put them away and went without them. On the floor above me slept



Everybody his own laundress.

the very little boys. There was always such a disgusting smell from that room, for the children were not old enough to keep their persons clean, and then they were compelled to take their bed-clothes outside the building on cold days and wash them with their own hands. You would pity the poor little things.

"There is but one bath room in the building, and that is a small one. The smaller boys bathed in the



The molasses barrel tub.

wash room in three tubs made from molasses barrels sawed in two. We used to bathe in these tubs one after the other, in the same water, and there were three towels for 136 boys. The boys who had the itch, tetter and other diseases used the same towel as the others. I used to dry myself with the inside lining of my coat. Some boys had dreadful sores on their legs and their bodies were covered with boils. None of these boys were excused from attending the daily school sessions unless they were unable to be about. "Greasy" Hinkle was in charge of the sick room, and was the doctor and the druggist combined. His medicine was a pot of mixed up sulphur and he dosed his patients as he pleased. If you sprained your foot you got



The sulphur fiend.

sulphur. It was the cure-all. Two weeks before the committee came to investigate we were all told that any boy who caught the itch would be whipped, and those who had already caught it, and were not better by that time, would also be whipped.

"Old Mrs. McFadden, the cook, was very cross. I was told to build a fire for her one day, and she introduced me to her department by giving me a sound thrashing with a board. She once threw a butcher knife at Harry Hause, and came near pinning him to the wall."

"Were your beds comfortable?" was asked. "Yes, I was well enough off, but the fellows up in the garret had it pretty rough. A number of the window lights were broken, and during some of the heavy snow storms their beds were covered with snow when they awoke in the morning."

The reporter asked young Ginley if it did not require some courage to complain to the governor and the other gentlemen of the Investigating Committee.

"Yes, it did," he replied, "but the boys all said somebody ought to speak, and they all thought I was the best one to do it. So, when they were about going away I told Mr. Norris what I knew, and then some other boys also told him about the state of affairs. The committee then brought us before them; Mr. Cassidy (the Attorney General) said one boy was so bad with scrofula that he would lose the use of his limbs. The teachers wouldn't let us complain in our



"Their beds were covered with snow every storm."

letters home, and they often read the letters before the whole school and made fun of them." Young Ginley will leave for Harford soon, where he hopes to receive better treatment. His mother, a



They get good board.

quiet, mild-mannered lady, has been quite unnerved by these developments, and has been put to considerable expense, which she is but ill able to bear. She is justly proud of her courageous little offspring, who, it is evident, needs only half a chance to one day make his mark in the world and become a credit and help to the one who is most anxious about him.

SCHARF'S LUCK.

The Fortunate Shoemaker Deluged with Love Letters.

Many Ladies Willing to Marry the Man who Won a \$15,000 Lottery Prize—He Invests His Money in Real Estate and is Threatened with a Suit.

Mr. Frederick Scharf, the bachelor shoemaker and mender of DeKalb avenue, near Marcy avenue, who recently won \$15,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery, has just made an investment in real estate. He has acquired title to the two new three-story brick houses at Lexington and Throop avenues. There is a store in the corner house, and it is understood that the lucky shoemaker will open in business there. The amount which he paid for the property was \$15,650, a mortgage of \$4,500 being given.

Mr. Scharf has been in receipt daily since the news of his good luck was published of numerous letters from matrimonially inclined young ladies, who described themselves minutely, hinted at their good qualities, careful training and economical habits. The writers intimated that they were ready and willing, all things agreeable, to become Mrs. Scharf. One young lady from Lowell, Mass., stated that she was of medium height, dark and generally considered good looking. She kept house for her widowed mother and her brother. She would be pleased to open a correspondence with Mr. Scharf with a view to matrimony, or she would be more delighted still if he visited her at her home. The young lady inclosed a stamped envelope with her address. Mr. Scharf was pleased with the attention he received, but he remembered that he was a man of means, and fears of a breach of promise suit flitted before his mind. "As a poor shoemaker," he said to himself, "I would answer the letters, just for the fun of the thing; but as a man possessed of \$15,000 I cannot." He closed the empty envelope and mailed it to the young lady.

It appears that when Scharf purchased the lottery ticket from Solomon Meyer, of Hart street, he promised to give the latter \$1,000 if he won a capital prize. Meyer made a similar promise in jest. Meyer demanded the \$1,000 and Scharf said that he would make him a present when he drew his money from the bank to purchase the property. Meyer immediately consulted a law firm in New York, who sent Scharf a letter asking him to settle up forthwith or a suit would be instituted against him. Mr. Scharf consulted his lawyer, and when told that Meyer could not recover the money he felt jubilant and declared that he would never give him a cent, although he had intended presenting him with \$200.—Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle, March 17.

Diplomacy, intrigue and influence in Persia are dependent in a large measure on the force of character displayed by the women. If a man wishes to influence another in an affair of importance, he manages it by confiding the matter to one or all of his wives, who in turn visit the wives of one who has influence over him, and by urging and presents seek to attain the object. Most of the important transactions of Persia are conducted in this manner.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Detective Ed. C. Davis, of Springfield, Mo., is one of the brightest young men in his calling. He has recently covered himself with glory by his clever handling of the sensational Graham murder case near Brookline, Mo. He wound such a wonderful chain of circumstantial evidence around the accused that he has made a clean confession of the terrible crime.

The Archer Gang.

On another page we publish the pictures of three of the notorious Archer gang, namely, Thomas, John and Martin, who were lynched by an infuriated mob the other morning, at Shoals, Ind. The photographs which we reproduce, were taken after the execution, and are striking illustrations of the terrible work of the mob. The Archers have been for some time the terrors of the west, robbing and murdering on a very extensive scale. The officers of the law have recently arrested the other members of the gang, and with the lynching of the three brothers it about breaks up the daring combination. Sam is the only living brother of the Archers, and his trial is near at hand, he is to be transferred from Jeffersonville to Vincennes, Ind., under an escort of a company of military furnished by Governor Gray this week.

Fred. C. Anderson.

The Canadian cashier is attempting a weak imitation of his American brother. Last week the Matthew Pinkerton Detective Agency arrested Fred. C. Anderson in Chicago, late cashier of the Dominion Transport Company, of Toronto, who is charged with embezzling \$2,000 from his employers. March 2 Fred suddenly left Toronto with the money in his possession. Last Thursday he registered at the Galt House under the name of Ledley. A day or two after he took a room on Wabash avenue, near Harmon Court. Perhaps an advertisement he had seen in a paper to the effect that a young lady with a paying laundry at No. 515 Wabash avenue wanted a partner, had something to do with the change in his location, as he had already commenced negotiations looking to his entering the laundry business as the lady's agent. Matt Pinkerton met him on the street, and followed him to his room on Wabash avenue. When there the detective called him by name, and such was Anderson's surprise and dismay that he made no denial of his identity. On his person was found the amount embezzled, the expenses of his trip having been taken from his private purse. Anderson said he would go back to Toronto with Mr. Kellert, who had come on to Chicago to aid in the search for him.

He Kept His Hat On.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Five seats in the back row on the balcony of Niblo's theatre were occupied a recent Saturday night by Eugene Blake, a plumber, of No. 33 Morton street, his brother Philip, Mr. Trainor and his daughter Louisa and a Miss West. Eugene and his brother did not remove their hats. The usher insisted on their removing their hats. Eugene was still obdurate. Then the usher seized him by the collar, and the latter fought so that Policeman Murphy was compelled to club him. At Special Sessions Eugene explained why he did not remove his hat.

"Miss Trainor was seated on my right," he said, "and Miss West on my left. When the usher requested me to remove my hat I told him I was suffering from neuralgia, and that whenever the door behind me opened I felt a pain in my head. He insisted, however, that I should take my hat off, and while he went away for a policeman I took it off. When the policeman came my hat was off. He began at once to club me."

Miss Trainor contradicted Eugene. Justice Kilbreth found the prisoner guilty and fined him \$20.

AN AFFECTIONATE BURGLAR.

A remarkable mode of displaying affection was demonstrated in the city jail, St. Louis, the other day. Among the prisoners are Sadie Hayes, a colored woman, convicted of murder in the first degree, and William Lacey, a black burglar, under a penitentiary sentence. The pair have grown very affectionate of late, and notes of a tender character were frequently smuggled from one to the other. The woman assured the burglar that he was the only object of her affections, and requested him, if he thought as much of her as he pretended, to send her his finger with the ring on it. After receiving the note he tore open the sole of his shoe and extracted the steel spring and sharpened it to a razor edge on the walls of his cell. He then deliberately sat down and cut off the small finger of his right hand at the second joint, placed the ring on the severed finger and sent it to the cell of the murderess. He tied up the stump with a piece of string and then wrapped his hand up in a handkerchief. The jail guards discovered the blood, and soon learned what had happened. They took the dismembered finger from the woman. Lacey's only explanation for his conduct is, "I loved her." He is perfectly sane.



GUS HILL,

THE WELL-KNOWN "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION CLUB SWINGER.

Lillie Allyn.

On this page will be found a capital likeness of pretty Lillie Allyn, the charming burlesque actress, who is known in private life as Mrs. Gus Hill.

A MAN in Pittsburg and another in New York both got drunk for the first time in their lives on Sunday last. Before sobering up one of them shot his wife and himself, leaving six poverty-stricken children. The other flew into

a passion with his wife and struck her with a stove leg. She died in an hour.

CHINAMEN are able to give the people of this enlightened land pointers on how to elope, no matter what the opinion may be as to their general equality. When an American plans to run away with the girl of his choice, but contrary to her father's expressed wish, a cab call is turned in and enough excitement stirred up to arouse the county. By that time the police

have been put on the case and the chances are ten to one against the man. But when a Chinese elopes he wraps his inamorata in a blanket, ties her to one end of his neck-yoke and a box of tea to the other, and walks out of town at a swinging gait.

Gus Hill.

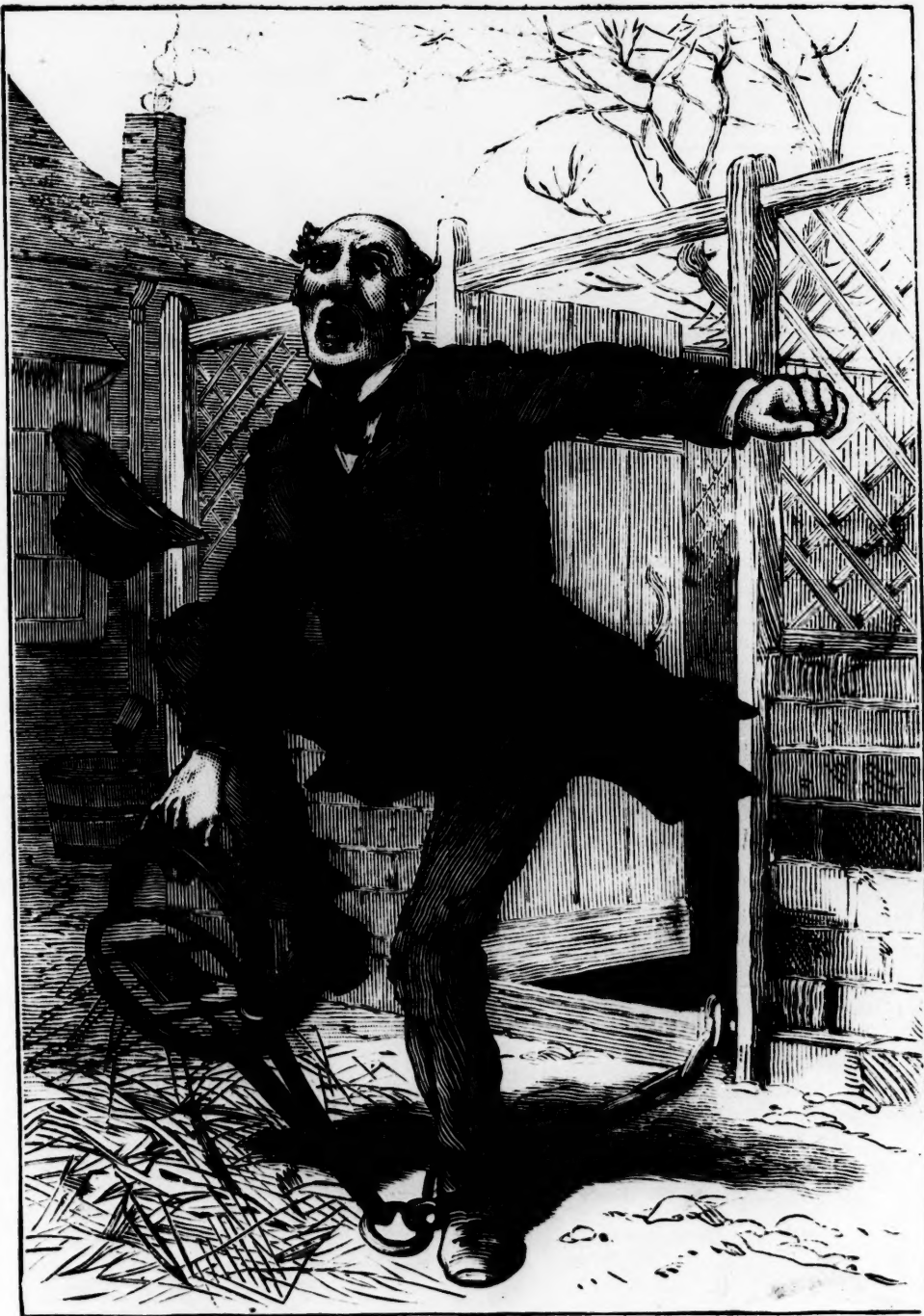
The lithe and graceful person of Gus Hill, the club swinger and "Police Gazette" champion, is accurately portrayed on this page.

LILLIE ALLYN,

THE CHARMING AND POPULAR LITTLE BURLESQUE ACTRESS AND VOCALIST.

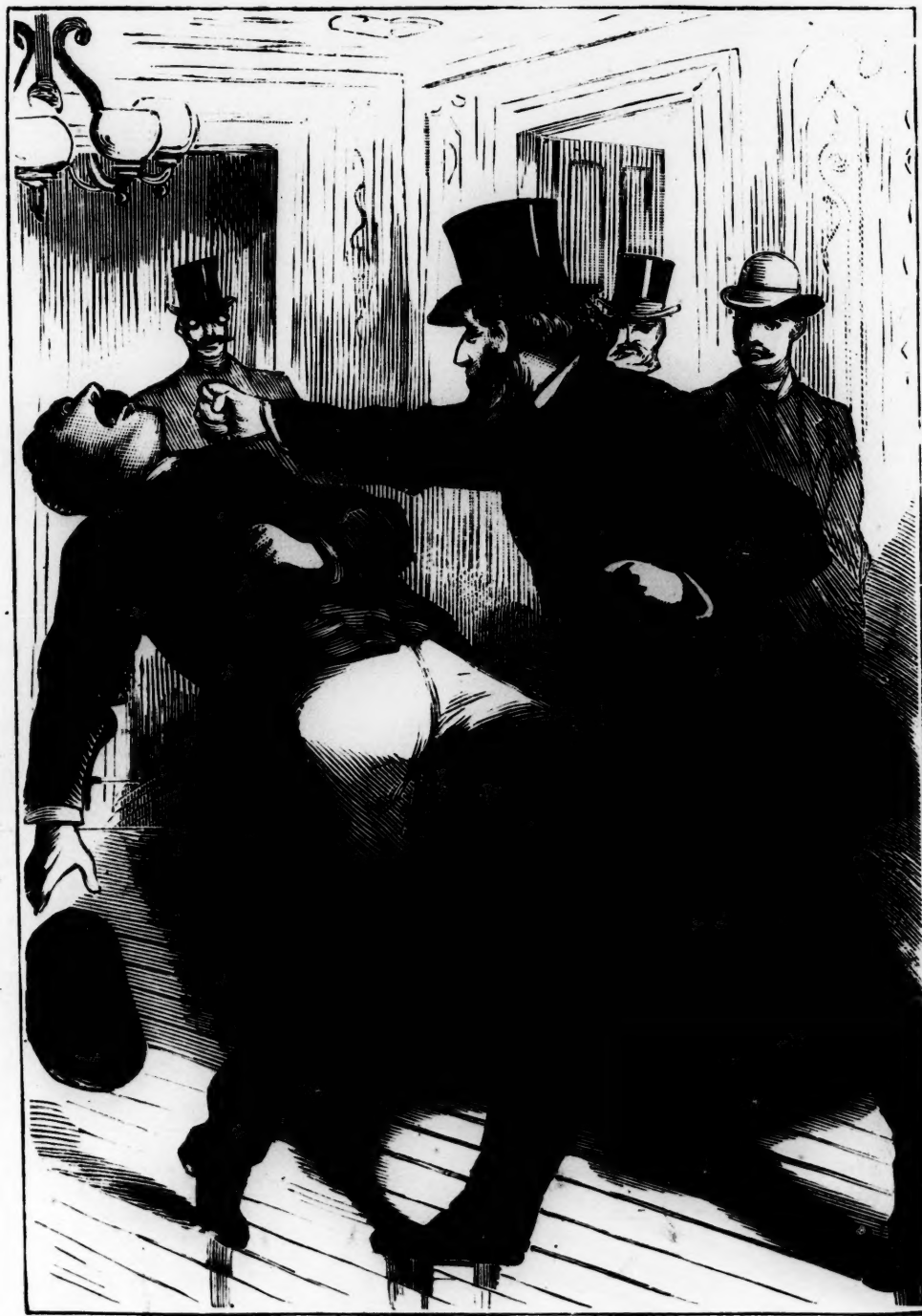
SENATOR LOGAN wants Congress to make it a penal offense to sell a gun, or powder, or bullet to an Indian. The Indian is not a voter, or John would never propose a measure so certain to cost him the Indian vote as this.

A BOOK agent down at Memphis got into a scrimmage with a doctor. But he considered himself in luck, as the doctor sewed up his wounds and covered his head with sticking plaster after it was over, "without cost."



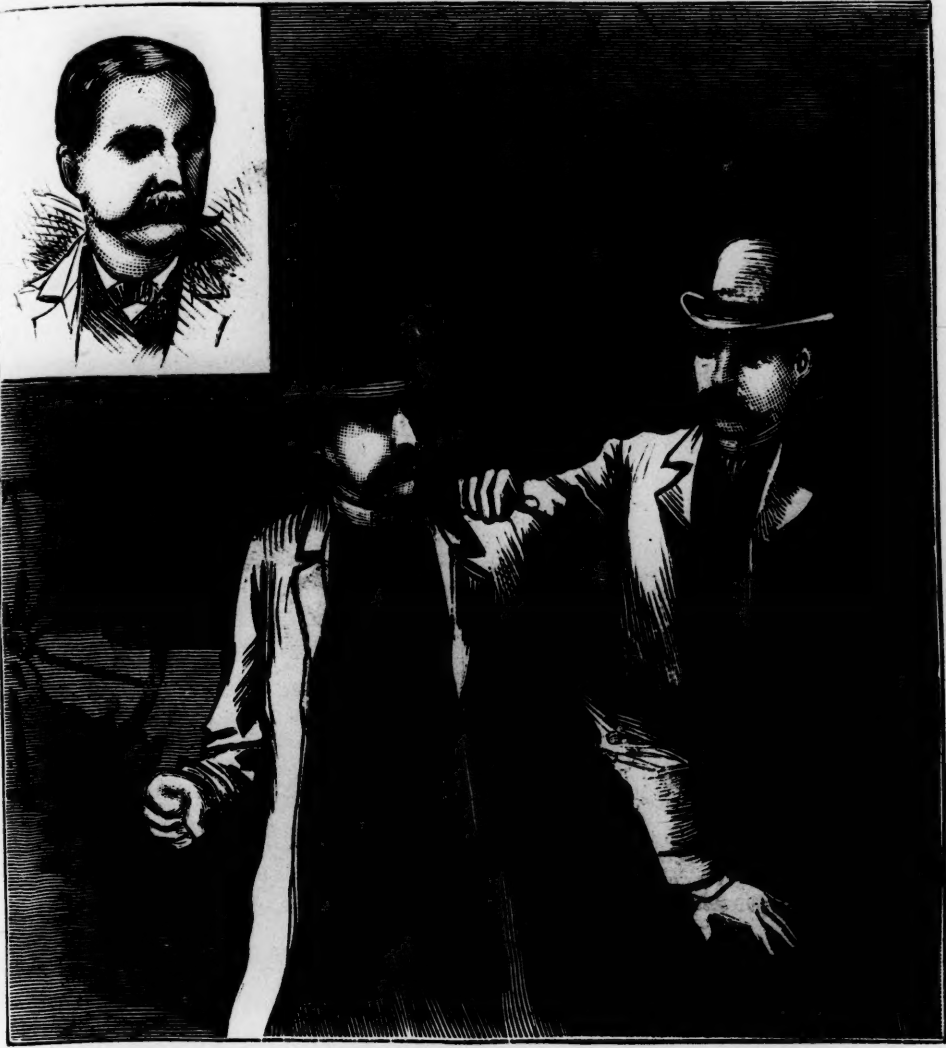
CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A NORWALK, CONNECTICUT, FARMER SUFFERS FROM A TEST OF HIS OWN INGENUITY.



HE CAUGHT A TARTAR.

MR. CARMAN OF BROOKLYN HAS AN UNSATISFACTORY INTERVIEW WITH CONGRESSMAN BLISS.



IN A CELL.

EX-ALDERMAN JAEHNE IS POLITELY LODGED IN DURANCE VILE BY INSPECTOR BIRNES AND HIS MYRMIDONS—PORTRAIT OF HENRY W. JAEHNE.



HE STOLE HIS OWN CHILD.

THE SON OF THE LATE EMORY A. STORRS OF CHICAGO IS ARRESTED ON A STRANGE CHARGE OF KIDNAPPING.



FRED C. ANDERSON,

A CANADIAN CASHIER IMITATES CERTAIN AMERICANS AND SKIPS ACROSS THE LINE WITH A BOODLE.



MRS. SARAH GRAHAM,

WIFE OF GEORGE E. GRAHAM HORRIBLY MURDERED BY THE LATTER, NEAR BROOKLINE, MD.



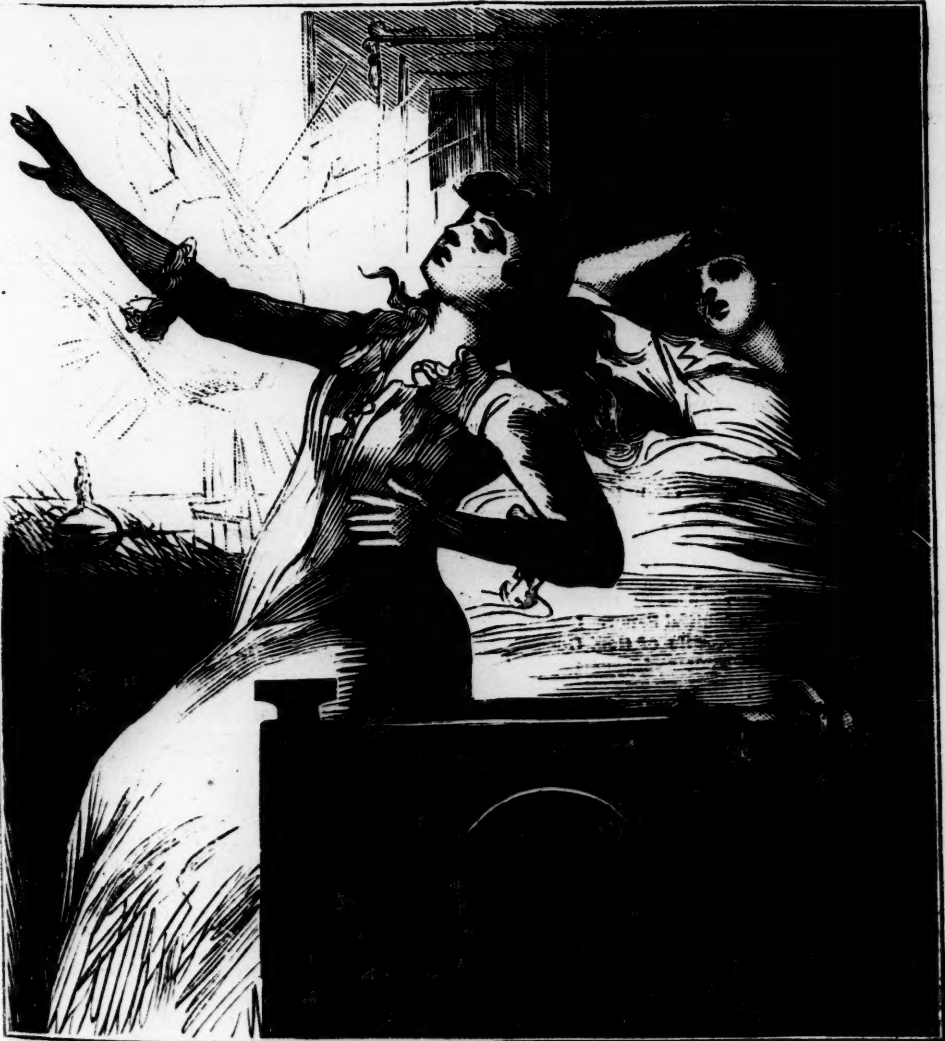
GEORGE E. GRAHAM,

THE SELF-CONFESSED SLAYER OF HIS WIFE SARAH, NEAR BROOKLINE, MO.



MRS. EMMA MOLLOY,

THE NOTED TEMPERANCE EVANGELIST ARRESTED IN CONNECTION WITH THE GRAHAM MURDER.



A DEADLY THUNDERBOLT.

IT KILLS THE TWO M'GAFFEY GIRLS WHILE SOUND ASLEEP IN THEIR BED AT WATERBURY, CT.



A GENUINE DESPERADO.

MURDERER JOHNSON SINGLE-HANDED KEEPS TWO HUNDRED MEN AT BAY IN A BARN, BUT CO., ILL.

LOVE'S LUNACIES.

The Queer Consequences and Unpleasant Results of Undue Indulgence in the Tender Passion.

Mrs. Dr. Kergarout is Jumped Into a Confession—Mr. Stewart Elopes With His Cousin—Senora Luz Gomez Skips to Galveston With Her Nephew.

A Sunday paper says that Dr. Theodore Kergarout spent the summer of 1873 on the shores of Moose Head Lake in Maine, and employed a large portion of his time in angling for the fine trout that are found in its deep, pellucid waters. Doctor Kergarout was about twenty-eight years of age, a native of St. Pierre, Island of Guernsey, and a graduate of a Paris college of medicine. He was medium sized, slenderly built, dark complexioned and very good looking. By the death of his maternal uncle, an old bachelor, in 1870, he became possessed of an adequate income, and gave up the active practice of his profession. "When Theodore was a little boy," said his cousin, a middle-aged gentleman connected with a New York importing house, in relating the doctor's experiences the other day, "a band of gypsies visited Guernsey, and at the desire of his mother the Romany Queen examined the lines in his hand and told his fortune. The only portion that he remembered was the prophecy that he would become blind and have trouble with a woman. Both his mother and himself, in after years, had occasion to acknowledge the accuracy of the gypsy woman's vaticination."

It was a fine day in the early part of August, 1873, and the two cousins, having had poor angling, pulled the boat ashore and climbed up the summit of Mount Keneo, an elevation of some six or seven hundred feet projecting over the water, from which a picturesque view of a Maine lake, its islands and the wilderness that surrounds it, is obtained. On the mountain, when we got there, were two young ladies, accompanied by a young man who was evidently a hired attendant. They were a pair of rollicking girls, both good-looking and one handsome, and they were having lots of fun with their masculine attendant. As we presently discovered, he was employed at the hotel in Greenville at the lower end of the lake, and was what in Maine is termed a jumper. The doctor had



Exchanging rings.

not heard of the jumpers of Maine, but he became intensely interested in the phenomena, and for some days afterward he and the handsome young lady—Miss Annette Fabyan—jumped this unfortunate young man, and other young men similarly afflicted, to their heart's content. Some of the peculiar manifestations of the jumpers were described as follows: If the young man, or any person similarly afflicted, was suddenly touched with a knife, tumbler, or anything else in his hand, and told to "throw it," he would yell "throw it!" and throw what he had in his hand quick as an explosion of a pistol. If suddenly touched and told to "strike!" in a tone of terror and alarm he would repeat "Strike!" and suit the rapid action to the word, striking the wall, the door, or the person before him with the utmost violence.

When the New York cousin left Greenville, Dr. Kergarout was in the full swing of a flirtation with Miss Fabyan. He had been introduced to and dined with her mother and herself, and he had acquainted them unreservedly with his family and antecedents. Thus the summer passed, and when the doctor left Moosehead Lake for New York, and Miss Fabyan and



The doctor loses his sight.



Blind.

where the marriage took place. A notification of the happy event, together with a prayer for his forgiveness and parental benediction, was forwarded to M. Fabyan, but he made no response. Madam Fabyan, however, notified the pair that her husband was excessively angry and totally unforgiving, but she hoped that the ameliorating influences of time would affect a change in him.

Dr. Kergarout and his wife sailed for Europe in the summer of 1874, and for nearly two years resided in the family mansion on the Island of Guernsey. Madam Kergarout was delighted with her daughter-in-law on the whole.

Finally the husband was awe-struck by the discovery that his wife was a veritable jumper herself. Under any sudden excitement, as of a blow, or a violent or unexpected sound, she would jump and throw or drop whatever she happened to have in her hand. In the winter of 1876-77 the doctor was duck-shooting and then happened an accident which cost him his right eye—a fragment of a percussion cap having been driven into it by a broken gun-hammer. He had a great deal of trouble with the eyeball thus burst, and erysipelas supervened. His wife and himself started for Paris for the purpose of consulting an eminent specialist. A storm arose in crossing the channel, the doctor exposed himself and contracted a severe cold. Erysipelas spread in a virulent form to both eyes and effected the brain. When he was pronounced out of danger six weeks after, he was totally and irrevocably blind. He determined again to cross the Atlantic, and with his wife came to New York, sojourning with his cousin, and acquainting himself in various ways to his environment of total darkness. He got a pair of glass eyes, and by experimenting, gradually got to be wonderfully clever in ascertaining particulars as to places and spaces by means of hearing and touch.

Meantime his wife enjoyed New York to the top of her bent on her own hook. He believed that it was good for her to run round shopping and to the thea-



The confession of guilt.

tres unattended, and that thereby she would get the better of her nervous, jumping manifestations, which were now unmistakably conspicuous and probably chronic. The lady of the house, Dr. Kergarout's cousin-in-law, with that potential insight that one clever woman has for the character of another, hinted that it was scarcely prudent to encourage Annette to roam around Gotham at her sweet will. But somewhat offended, the cunning blind husband said he knew his wife's spotless purity and could trust her anywhere.

There were worse experiences than these before long. She had contracted an acquaintance, and an



They were good dancers.

intimacy had begun, suspected by the lady of the house. Under those circumstances, in the summer of 1878, the latter gentleman proposed a trip to New England. The doctor was willing, but his wife was not. She said she wouldn't leave New York at present, because she liked the place. It then became the painful duty of the cousin to inform the blind man of his wife's unfaithfulness. For some hours he was half-mad. Then he became calm and said: "I will wring the confession from her own lips." In the privacy of their own room he suddenly slapped her on the back, and said: "Annette, you have been guilty of adultery! Speak! Speak!" She shrieked, "yes, yes, I have!" That was the process of discovery, followed by separ-

ation. She returned to Canada in the fall of 1878, and in 1879 Dr. Kergarout returned to Europe, and died at St. Pierre in 1884. There was no divorce obtained, and the widow is at present contesting her husband's will and claiming her portion.

He Eloped With his Cousin.

Two families in Somerville, Mass., have been broken up by a rather sensational elopement. The man is D. S. Stewart, 45 years old, and quite prominent as a carriage manufacturer in that city. The woman is young Mrs. Annie Wood, a second cousin of Stewart, and wife of one of his employees. Mr. and Mrs. Wood, on their marriage last year, took up their abode with the Stewarts, and during the winter Mr. Stewart took Mrs. Wood to dances and entertainments in Somerville and elsewhere. They were both good dancers and seemed to like to go together, and her husband



A tug-of-war.

made no serious objection. Mrs. Stewart suspected nothing wrong between them, because they were second cousins.

On Friday last Stewart said he had business out of town, and would not return until Saturday night. Mrs. Wood left the house on Saturday at 2 P. M., and the two must have met in Boston in the evening. Mrs. Stewart became suspicious in a day or two, and began an investigation. She learned that the couple were staying at the Creighton House, in Boston, and were registered as man and wife, Stewart booking as Stevens. Mrs. Stewart, who is a stalwart woman, weighing fully 200 pounds, visited the Creighton House on Tuesday night and confronted the elopers. She says she found them in a room together, enjoying all the luxuries of life, with wine on the table. Both, she alleges, were intoxicated. Mrs. Stewart said that on entering the room she could not resist the temptation of "going" for the young woman, and she pulled her



The angry husband.

said that he was ignorant of the laws here. It was customary in his country to carry a weapon, and the bigger the ornament the better. He was released to



The stolen bundle.

appear for trial, and the pair returned to the hotel apparently happy.

It is reported that the General is on the trail of the fugitives, and if the ship does not leave on time there will be a hostile meeting between the husband and the lady's companion.

KEEPING ONE HUNDRED MEN AT BAY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

H. C. Steadman, a prominent farmer of Burt county, Neb., proprietor of two creameries near the village of Lyons, on March 20, discharged Edward Johnson, alias John Anderson, a young man and a comparative stranger in the neighborhood. Johnson thereupon picked a quarrel with Steadman, and without giving warning whipped out a revolver and shot Steadman in the bowels, causing death in a short time. There was no provocation for the deed. In the excitement which followed Johnson secured a Winchester rifle and a large quantity of ammunition, and, mounting a horse, started off.

Constable Parker immediately organized a party, armed with revolvers, and, mounting horses, gave pursuit, being joined from time to time by others along the way. They kept gaining on Johnson, and when 12 miles south, near the farm of Charles P. Johnson, a regular battle ensued. The murderer fired several shots in rapid succession, shooting Peter Johnson, brother of Charles, in the head, killing him instantly. He next shot Charles P. Johnson in the abdomen, making a mortal wound. His next shot killed Constable Parker's horse. This was followed by other shots, injuring horses and grazing some of the men.

Meantime the pursuers, whose numbers had largely increased, kept firing their revolvers, but the desperado was out of their short range. It was thought, however, that he was wounded. As the crowd began to close in on him, he jumped from his horse, and, running into Charles Johnson's barn, he opened a lively fire through the cracks and openings, and held the entire crowd, now numbering fully one hundred, at bay. They finally cautiously surrounded the barn, and carefully guarded themselves from the fire of the barricaded desperado. They continued to shoot into the barn at frequent intervals until dark. It was proposed to burn him out, but no one would volunteer to fire the building.

The barn contained eighteen horses and mules, about one hundred chickens, plenty of grain and a well. Besides these there were three caves used for the storage of vegetables. The barn and contents were valued at \$5,500, and it was thought advisable to wait awhile before resorting to fire. It was decided to guard the barn carefully all night and resume operations in the morning. During the siege the mules and horses frequently neighed loudly, and it was thought that some of them had been wounded.

Late next morning Sheriff Skinner from Tekamah arrived with a posse of ten men, armed with Winchester rifles. This morning they opened fire again on the barn, and the desperado responded. He shot through one man's hat, through another's coat and so on, but wounded no one, as they exercised great caution. The desperado guarded every side of the barn and no one dared to approach to set fire to it, as had been determined to do. This afternoon he fired several shots through the farm dwelling house, where several men were stationed, but hit no one. A special train was ordered to carry fifty armed men from Tekamah to the scene of the siege. At last accounts the desperado still held the fort. It had been decided to set fire to the barn at the first opportunity.

The nearest telegraph station to the scene is Oakland, twelve miles distant, and news has to come by courier.

An Embezzler's Accomplice.

A telegram from Spring City, Tennessee, gives the details of the arrest of Miss Daisy Carroll, one of the best known ladies of Rhea county. She was arrested for complicity in the embezzlement of about \$100,000 from the Champion Works of Springfield, O., by the confidential bookkeeper, Frank Jones. It seems that the two have been working in concert. The woman came from Ohio two years ago, bought a fine farm near Spring City and spent money lavishly. She was a leader in society, and was very popular and greatly admired. Jones frequently visited her, passing as her half brother. When she learned of his arrest she left for Florida, but was decoyed back by detectives. The books of the champion company were found secreted in her ice house at Spring City, and other evidence of her complicity in Jones' crime has been discovered. She will be taken to Ohio.



The nephew.

FRIGHTFUL DISCLOSURE

Male Procurers, Cloaked as Mormons, Decoy The Innocent Daughters of Pennsylvania Farmers to the Depths of Ruin.

A horrible expose of the doings of two pretended Mormon missionaries has just been made public in Reading, Pa. Moses Wagonhorst, a respectable citizen of near Lehigh Gap, Lehigh county, called upon Alderman Denhard, who was formerly detective of the county, and other public officials, and made the facts known. Several weeks ago two patriarchal elderly men, wearing long white beards, called upon the farmers of that section and those residing in the lower portion of Northampton and Carbon counties, and announced that they had been sent by the Mormon Church in Utah to make converts. They tried to persuade a number of farmers to sell out and ally their fortunes with the Western Mormons. They represented that notwithstanding the opposition to their people in Congress and among the Gentiles they were rapidly increasing. They met with little encouragement, however, from the staid, substantial people of Pennsylvania German extraction. They then devoted themselves to the young women of the neighborhood, and told how, by moving West, they could marry rich Mormons, instead of remaining mere drudges at home. As is well known, the daughters of the farming population of Eastern Pennsylvania are robust, innocent, healthful, and are model young women in every respect. The pretended missionaries said that in the overcrowded East many of the young women had no prospect of obtaining husbands, while among the Mormons they could lead lives of luxury and ease. They met the young women clandestinely, and they easily drank in the honeyed words of the old sinners. They persuaded several daughters of well-to-do farmers residing in that section, where Carbon, Lehigh and Northampton counties join within a few miles of each other, to embrace the Mormon faith. The parents, true to their German proclivities, willing to submit to any thing which would advance their children's happiness, reluctantly gave their consent, and the young women made preparations to leave for the far distant West with the strangers. The latter agreed to pay their fares, and as an inducement paid a small bonus to the parents. They held out golden opportunities to the daughters, and over a week ago the two pious-looking Mormons, as they were supposed to be, in company with the seven young women, started for New York. At the latter place, they stated, they would meet other missionaries in company with converts to the Mormon faith, and the entire party would then take their departure for the west. The girls left with many God-speeds from their parents and friends, the girls being provided with extra clothing, and were otherwise well fitted for their trip. It is a fact that many smart young women in this section who would make good housekeepers are never married, and are compelled to lead lives of celibacy, because the men are largely in the minority, and many go into the Western States to seek their fortunes before contracting matrimonial alliances. Nothing was heard of the party for nearly ten days. On Friday, one of the young women returned, and related a sad story of how they had been deceived; how they had been taken to places of infamy in New York city, and told they had been procured to lead lives of shame. According to their story they were told that they would have to remain in New York for a few days for rest. They were taken to an elegantly furnished private house, which they were told was a boarding-place. Their plain clothing which they brought with them from the country was taken from them and they were furnished with elegant costumes, and the greatest attention was paid them by the gentlemen frequenters of the place. Finally, suspicion dawned on the minds of the innocent country girls, and before they fully realized it several had been ruined. The alleged Mormon missionaries merely proved to be agents of these disreputable places. The house where they were taken, they say, was near Central Park, and, although they were kept closely guarded, four of them escaped and came back to their parents, who, notwithstanding their daughters' shame, gladly welcomed them. The three others refused to go with their companions, and, their ruin having been affected, were bent on leading wayward lives. The seven were the daughters of Amos Gaul, John Sauer, John Rothemel, Daniel Mueller, George DeTurk, Jesse Rothemberger and Thomas Moore, all well-to-do farmers, who are grief-stricken over the terrible affair. The matter has caused the greatest excitement in that quiet neighborhood, and will be further inquired into by the officials of Reading, Easton, Plattsville and Allentown. The four who returned say that the pretended Mormon missionaries disappeared soon after their arrival in New York, and that they were entirely under the control and direction of the madam of the house, to whose wishes and those of the gentlemen visitors of the house they were obliged to submit without a murmur. The newspapers within the past few months have chronicled numerous mysterious disappearances of young women in the country districts, and it is now believed that they have likewise become the victims of men's lust, not only in New York, but in Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Chicago.

A THEATRICAL SCRIMMAGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Cincinnati Grand Hotel and vicinity furnished the scene of two of the liveliest kind of rackets during the "wee small hours" on a recent morning. The participants were theatrical people, and the guests of the Grand whom they aroused from slumber must have thought they were the worst lot of barn-stormers that ever struck town.

The people involved in the fight were members of the Lillian Lewis company that played, or rather played at, a version of "Article 47," under the title of "The Creole," at Havlin's theatre last week. The money man of the company was up to the rumpus last week, Mr. L. H. Perlman, of New York. Perlman started out with the company from New York several weeks ago, and as fast as he put up his money he lost it. The show was a poor one, and didn't draw worth a cent. Miss Lewis, the star, is one of Charley Gardner's discoveries. Her name is in Chicago, and she has figured before in sensational episodes off the stage.

When the company came to the city it was on money advanced by Manager Havlin. Perlman had "blown in" about all he had, and the company was on the

ragged edge. The failure of the producer to come to time any longer caused some wrangling, and it was evident Miss Lewis wanted to lose him. It was also quite evident that Mr. Perlman wanted to quit. Finally, about the middle of the week, they closed up the affair. Saturday night, after the show, Perlman took charge of the music, which belonged to a New York party, but which he is responsible for. He placed the roll of music for safe keeping in the bar-room adjoining the theatre.

About 1 o'clock in the morning Perlman got the music and started down to the Grand Hotel, where the company stopped to retire. At Fourth and Central avenue he encountered two members of the company, L. S. Simpson and W. D. Shaw. Simpson, who, as Perlman claims, was intoxicated, demanded that Perlman give up the music. Perlman refused. Simpson called him all sorts of names and Shaw joined in scaring him. One word brought on another and Shaw struck Perlman. Simpson followed his friend and the two actors started in to do up the manager. It was rough-and-tumble for a minute and the trio rolled out in the street. Perlman cried police and help at the top of his voice, seeing he had no show against the two. Finally a policeman came up as Simpson and Shaw rushed away, the former running into the hotel. Perlman presented a very dilapidated appearance. One of his eyes was black and swollen, his face was scratched and his clothes were muddy. The men had also taken the music away from him. No arrest was made, as the officer refused to follow the other two men into the hotel without a warrant, which was out of the question at that time.

Perlman's room was on the fourth floor, adjoining Simpson's. When he started to go up stairs he heard the actors and actresses all up and discussing him at a high tone of voice, and decided he had better return. He got the clerk to give him another room, and after doctoring his wounds retired. About 3 o'clock he was aroused by a noise at his door. Simpson was there. Perlman heard other voices. Not being a hog and knowing when he had enough, Perlman refused to open the door. Simpson was bound to get in. He kicked and fooled around the door and broke off the knob. Then he got up and pushed open the transom and put his head through, but could get no farther. Perlman jumped up and began a vigorous pull at his belt. The clerk, night watchman and porter ran up, and things were mighty lively. The guests on that floor thinking there was a riot, sprang from their beds and peered out into the hall, wanting to know what was up. The clerk gave the actors five minutes to retire to their rooms and keep quiet or leave the hotel. After some parley they chose the former.

WHO KILLED HER?

The Strange Death and Subsequent Discovery of Miss Agnes Long.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The third murder mystery that has startled a group of little Norfolk county, Mass., towns this winter has just been developed. The discovery of the crime was made on last Thursday afternoon. Two brothers, Thomas and John Odie, were out rabbit hunting in the woods of Wrentham, eight or ten miles from Attleboro, on the border of Archer's pond. They started a rabbit, which went into the brush out of sight. They followed, and coming to a heap of brush, Thomas jumped on it in order to start the rabbit if it was there. As he jumped something white, which at first they thought was a pig, rolled out. Upon closer examination it was found to be a skull. At first they thought it was the skull of a dog. Thomas picked it up. Suddenly he dropped it, and called in a startled voice to his brother:

"It's a human skull, and there's a bullet hole in it."

The two young men poked the brush heap a little and discovered a braid of dark brown hair, to which portions of the scalp still adhered. Fully convinced that they had discovered a long-concealed murder, the Odie brothers hurried to the village and notified Deputy Sheriff Coleman and others. A careful examination of the spot disclosed the skeleton of a woman, the flesh being all gone, also the soft parts of the bones. The body had been there probably two years. The skull showed the marks of a bullet made by a thirty-two calibre revolver. The ball had gone completely through the skull, entering at the right temple, passing in an upward direction, and emerging about an inch above the left temple. That it was not suicide was shown by the fact that the body was covered by brush, and no revolver was to be found. The upper teeth were false, and in the right incisor was a small cavity filled with gold in order to give them the appearance of being natural. The clothing and bones were so frozen together and decayed that it was difficult to determine the style and texture of the cloth.

The body was left there in winter, probably, as it was dressed in winter clothing. The bonnet was black plush, trimmed with black feathers and narrow black ribbon. The woman had worn a cloak or dolman made of basket cloth. The dress was brown woolen goods, trimmed with several rows, flounces and small steel buttons. The shoes had high French heels, and were about five in size. Around the neck was a silk handkerchief, with red border and green center. In a small bag was found a tooth brush, comb, button hook and handkerchief, but no money. There was considerable jewelry, most of it of cheap quality. There was a large neck chain, with locket attached; within the locket were badly faded portraits of two young men. There was also a silver watch, which had been gold plated and of rather peculiar make.

No clue to the identity of the murdered woman was gained for three days. Then people with good memories in East Attleboro began to suspect that the skeleton was that of Agnes A. Long, who disappeared very suddenly in October, 1882. As the description became better known and the facts were investigated it became practically certain that this young woman was the victim of the murder. This point settled, a startlingly strong chain of evidence began to appear.

Miss Long was about twenty-seven years old, and the daughter of Dennis Long, of East Attleboro. She was unusually tall and was not handsome, although she had many friends among the young men. In the spring of 1882 Agnes left her father's house to go to work in one of the jewelry manufactories of this place. She had a room at Mrs. Brown's house on Pearl street. There she met George E. Stowers, of this town, now married, but then single. An attachment sprang up between them, and Stowers apparently became her accepted lover. The affair progressed happily for some months, until finally Stowers began to pay attention to Annie E. Godfrey, a milliner, who sat at the same table with them. Miss Godfrey has since become Mrs. Stowers. Miss Long became very jealous

of Miss Godfrey, so much so that on Oct. 10 of that year she left the house and engaged a room at the house of Mrs. Brown.

The most important evidence is that of the stable hands where Stowers hired his team that evening. R. Manchester, who had charge of the stable, says:

"One evening in the fall of 1882 Mr. Stowers came to the stable about nine o'clock, and wanted to hire my mare Sukey and a buggy. I inquired where he wanted to go, and understood that he intended to go to Lane's Station, three miles from here. I let him have the team. He did not get back until 2 o'clock the next morning. I was in bed, but the stable boy put up the team. The next morning, when I was about to let the team again, the man objected to taking it because the cushion was covered with blood. Sure enough, the whole left side of the cushion was daubed with blood."

"I ordered the boy to clean it off, which he did. There was some blood on the floor of the buggy also. When Stowers came to settle that morning I made a fuss about the condition of the seat, and also about driving further than he said he would. I had heard that the animal had been seen the night before in Wrentham. The mare Sukey is what is known as a plebeian horse and is well known to everybody for miles around. A man who knew her saw her in Wrentham. Stowers said that if he had been in Wrentham he did not know it. He paid the full price I charged him without objections. I didn't ask him who was with him, for a stableman must not be too curious. The cushion cover was dark green, and I had to have it dyed brown. The buggy has since been traded off. I saw no hole in the side as if made by a bullet. If there had been I think I should have noticed it."

It is said on good authority that just previous to the disappearance of Agnes she called upon Dr. Ratten-shill, a physician of that place, and said that she was in trouble, and asked for medicine to relieve her. The doctor refused to have anything to do with her. She then visited a lawyer for the purpose of swearing out a bastardy warrant. Agnes returned to the physician a few days later, and said that her lawyer had arranged matters so that before her confinement the father of her unborn child would be her husband.

All the articles of jewelry, etc., found with the skeleton have been positively identified by Miss Long's former associates in Attleboro. Even the skull helps in the identification. Miss Long's features were angular, with high cheek bones and prominent chin, and the skull indicates these peculiarities. The skeleton is that of an unusually tall woman. Miss Long was about five feet six or seven inches tall.

George E. Stowers, upon whom such a heavy cloud of suspicion now rests, is thirty-two years old. He came from Gardiner, Me., some years ago. He now lives with his wife, whom he married in March, 1883, upon a farm near Bearcroft Station, three miles from here. He has no property or children. He is a stout man, 5 feet 11 inches tall, and wears glasses. No one has yet been found who ever saw him with a pistol, and it is said that he has a dread of all kinds of firearms. The detectives visited Stowers's house recently and had a long interview with him. Mr. Stowers said, in answer to questions, that he had taken Miss Long out riding several times during the summer of 1882, going to concerts and entertainments at North Attleboro. He had also taken his present wife. Nothing of importance was gleaned. Before making an arrest in the case the detectives are waiting to find one or two more witnesses who were confidants of Miss Long previous to her disappearance.

HE STOLE HIS OWN CHILD.

The Son of the Late Emory A. Storrs, of Chicago, in the Role of a Kidnapper.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The dwelling house No. 239 East Fourteenth street is noticeable among its neighbors by having before its door the two elaborately ornamented gas lamps, on high posts, which a liberal municipality bestows upon the occupant of the Mayorality of the city. The house was, in fact, the residence of Mayor Gunther during his occupancy of the office. With the dwellings on either side it is now the Hotel Barnard, kept by a Southern lady of that name.

Last Saturday afternoon, at about half-past five, the tide of movement eastward through Fourteenth street was unexpectedly invaded by the apparition of a slightly built, but determined and excited looking young man who suddenly burst from the door of the Hotel Barnard carrying in his arms an only partially clad infant, and who immediately flew at full speed toward Second avenue.

A moment later the astonished passers-by were treated to the spectacle of a lady in a wrapper hastening from the same open door, and with loud cries of "Stop him!" "Call the police!" "He's got my child!" running frantically after the determined-looking young man.

The customary New York crowd speedily gathered and followed the footsteps of the flying pair. The determined-looking young man was presently overtaken, and as the popular sympathy was evidently with the lady, who claimed to have been robbed of her child, the crowd pressed upon the abductor and sought to drive him back, or at least to detain him until an officer should appear.

The young man struggled violently to force his way through the surging mass of people, by this time numbering several hundred. A gentleman snatched the infant from his arms and, though followed by the abuse and curses of the unusually foul-mouthed father—for such he proved to be—hastened to restore it to its mother's arms. The mother had in the meantime been hastily followed by a gentleman residing in the same house, who induced her to return with him, and presently the crowd, with the rescued baby, swarmed about the door of 239, and the almost frantic mother had the joy of receiving her child in her arms.

In the meantime the father had escaped from the crowd, turned back and made his way to near Third avenue, where he was interrupted. He had been followed by a gentleman, who was all the time earnestly looking for an officer, and who presently spying one, called to him and placed the young man in his charge. The officer took his prisoner back to No. 239, and, after confronting him with his wife and receiving her complaint, arrested him and took him, accompanied by his wife, to the Eighteenth precinct station house, in East Twenty-second street. Here the prisoner's name was given as George M. Storrs, age twenty-eight years, no business, residence No. 241 East Fourteenth street. He was very abusive while being questioned by Captain Clinchy who was obliged to summarily silence him. On a charge of disorderly conduct, made by Mrs. Storrs, he was locked up.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

The Last of the Season.

Elsewhere we illustrate the last day of iceboating on Lake Ontario, Canada.

A Colored Massacre.

The killing of eleven negroes and the wounding of ten more in a court house at Carrollton, Mississippi, will be found illustrated on another page.

In a Cell.

We illustrate on another page the arrest of Alderman Jaehne and his insertion in a cell by Inspector Byrnes when surrendered by his bondsman, O'Donnell.

Twenty Girls on a Strike.

The Cabot mill, at Brunswick, Me., closed its doors March 11, and the hands are thrown out of employment. The trouble grew out of a demand of the girls in the card room for better wages, which Agent Green refused. He says the mill has been losing money the past three years, and cannot possibly afford an advance. The strike is confined to about twenty girls; but as one room in a cotton mill is dependent on the other, there was nothing for Mr. Green to do but close the doors. The Knights of Labor have nothing to do with the difficulty. It is reported that the mill will start up again as soon as the places of the strikers can be filled from elsewhere.

Acting Sheriff for her Sick Father.

Hattie McKay, seventeen years old, daughter of Sheriff McKay, of Tuscola county, Mich., was the center of attraction at the Michigan Central Depot the other afternoon. She was on her way to Jackson prison, and had in custody Samuel Woodman, sent from Tuscola county for one year for assaulting his wife. Hattie is a sprightly little maiden, and when asked if she was not afraid to bring such a desperate man to prison replied: "Oh, indeed, no. I don't hand-cuff him, but I have a revolver in my pocket, and I keep him in sight all the time. If he was to start to get away from me I would call out for assistance and some of the men on the train would help me. My father is sick," she added, "or he would have brought the prisoner in himself."

Caught in His Own Trap.

Mr. Rufus Fillow, a wealthy farmer in the Cranberry Plains district, Conn., having been pestered with hen thieves, resolved upon a device which would detect and perhaps secure the offenders. On the ground near the front door of the hen house he set a huge steel trap secured by a chain, the end made fast to an inner joist. Over the open trap Mr. Fillow sprinkled a covering of straw. A stranger could not possibly tread near the door without springing the trap. For his own convenience he provided a secret entrance on the opposite side of the house. After waiting two days for results, and noticing the straw over the trap had not been disturbed, Mr. Fillow essayed an examination. While making it the trap sprang, his teeth catching three fingers and a thumb of the right hand, holding him a prisoner until neighbors came to his relief.

Mr. Bliss as a Hard Hitter.

Representative Archie Bliss, of Brooklyn, may not be much of a statesman, but he is undeniably a clever man in the use of his fists. Several days ago Door-keeper Coakley informed Mr. Bliss that two of his constituents, named Carmen, desired to speak with him. Bliss replied that they were both blackmalters, and refused to see them. When Coakley reported what Bliss had said, the Carmens became very indignant, and threatened to thrash Bliss on sight. One of the Carmens met Bliss in one of the Capitol corridors afterwards and, without a word of warning, called into him. Bliss put himself on the defensive, and succeeded in a few moments in planting a blow square on Carmen's nose, which knocked him to the ground with such violence that he was unable to rise until assisted by one of the Capitol police. Bliss quietly returned to his seat in the House, while Carmen made his exit as speedily as possible.

A Fearful Thunder Storm.

The booming and crashing of the recent storm in Waterbury, Conn., was frightful, and the greatest amount of damage was expected by the frightened people. Its most deplorable results were the blackened remains of two young women, victims of the lightning's terrible work. Sarah and Jane McGaffey were aged twenty and eighteen years respectively, and lived with father, mother and sister Nellie, aged ten, in S. T. Dayton's house, near the railroad station, at Watertown. In the house also lived Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cook and their young babe. At 1 A. M. the house was almost totally wrecked by a bolt of lightning, and the ground for rods around was torn up as though just ploughed.

Mrs. McGaffey thus describes the disaster from which it is wonderful that any one escaped alive: "I had been sick, and was not able to sleep. When the thunder commenced I had a feeling that something dreadful was going to happen, because of a thunder storm at this time of the year. When the second crash came Nellie awoke, and said she was glad I was awake for the thunder made her feel so lonesome. Just then the house seemed tearing all to pieces, and the plaster began to fall down on me and Nellie. The light was put out, and I thought the top of the house was broken in and that my husband was killed. I got up, and taking my little girl by the hand, felt my way to the chamber door. I could not open it, as it was all blocked up. Then I heard my husband screaming that the house was on fire. He came down and then ran out of doors naked, and going round to the rear found that side of the house all open, the room in ruins and the wall overhead all fallen down. He cried out that the girls were killed and began to pull away the rubbish. He found Jane and then Sarah, and we thought they were both dead, but after awhile Sarah began to moan and we got her out. She knew us, but could not talk, as her tongue was split in two. Soon after the doctor came she died, and I came to Mr. Dayton's with Nellie, my little girl, the only child I have left."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

ASSISTANT MENTAL LABOR.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."



KEPT HIS HAT ON AT NIBLO'S.

A YOUNG MAN PULLED OUT OF A THEATRE, SEVERELY CLUBBED AND FINED TWENTY DOLLARS.



A THEATRICAL SCRIMMAGE.

THE MANAGER OF THE LILLIAN LEWIS' COMBINATION IS ASSAULTED BY TWO ACTORS IN CINCINNATI.



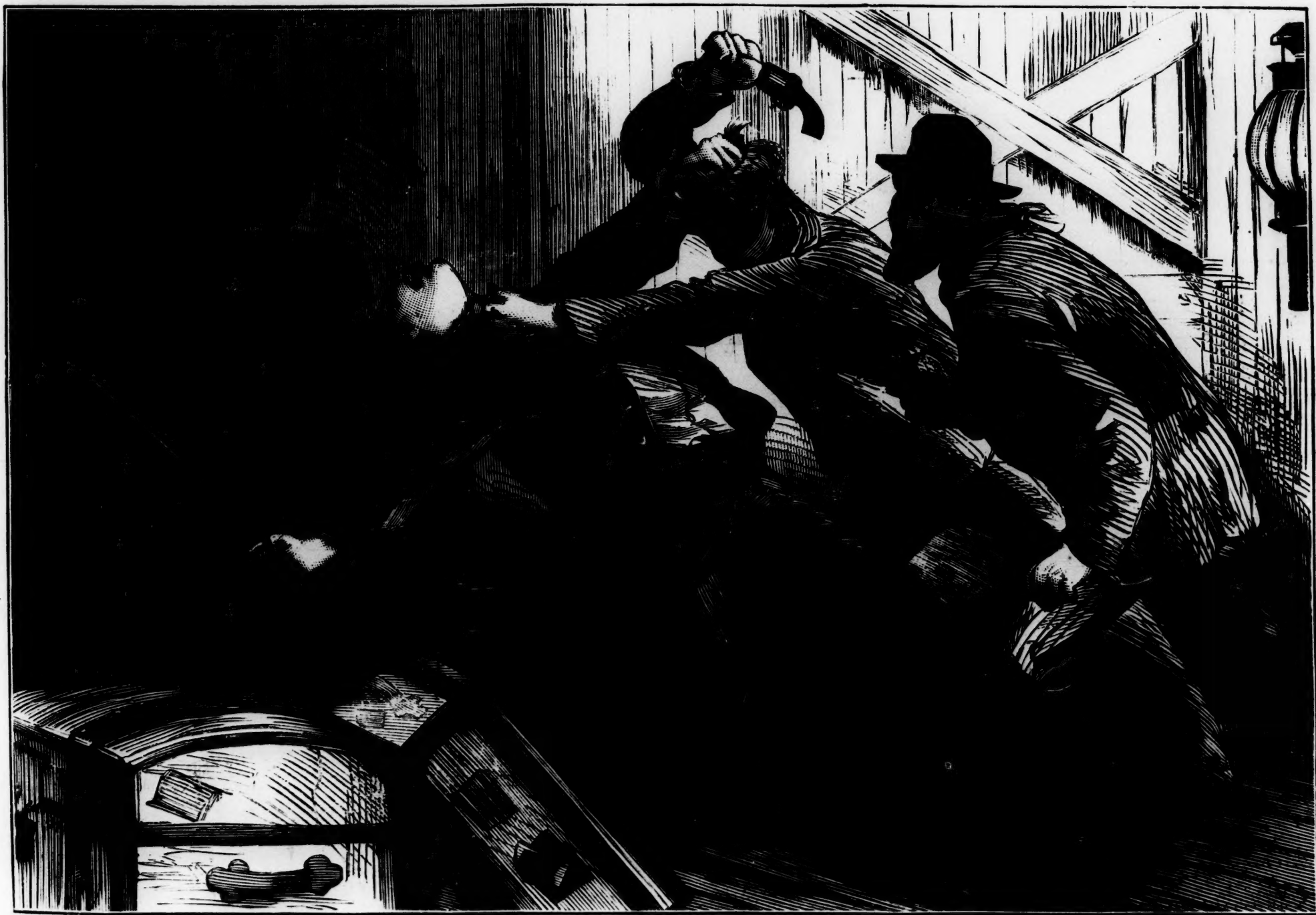
TWENTY GIRLS ON A STRIKE.

HOW AGENT GREEN OF THE CABOT MILL, BRUNSWICK, ME., WAS MOBBED BY HIS OPERATIVES.



WHO KILLED HER?

THE EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF THE SKULL AND REMAINS OF MISS AGNES LONG AT ATTLEBORO, MASS.



A MYSTERIOUS KILLING.

UNITED STATES EXPRESS MESSENGER KELLOGG NICHOLS IS CRUELLY MURDERED WHILE DEFENDING PROPERTY IN HIS CHARGE.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Jack Burgess and Tom Keenan are to fight with kid gloves on March 19, for \$300, at Boston.

It is likely that Arthur Chambers will back Jack Burke against Jack Dempsey, for \$2,500 a side.

Billy Lynn, the well-known pugilist, is at Butte City, Montana. He is eager to meet any man his weight in Montana.

At Rochester, N. Y., on March 18, Jack Turner, the well-known veteran pugilist, was tendered a benefit which was a big success.

Jimmy Nelson, the well-known Brooklyn boxer, and Jack Williams, of New York, made a great hit in a boxing exhibition at the Adelphi theatre, Buffalo.

Frank Glover is said to be a first-class pugilist, and although Jack Burke defeated him recently at Chicago, there are plenty of sporting men ready to back him against Burke to mill to a finish.

Jack Connors, of Wichita, and Fred Robinson fought, according to Queensbury rules, at Wichita, Kan., on March 6, for gate money. At the end of the fourth round the referee declared the contest a draw.

The broken arm which Prof. Tim McCarthy, the Grand Mogul of the Cribb Club, of Boston, recently received, is rapidly healing, and he will soon be able to teach the many art as usual to the members.

James Davis, of Butte City, writes that Jim Bates is afraid to fight Billy Lynn. He agreed to meet the Portland pugilist, but Bates refused to arrange a match unless he, Bates, was allowed to win, and Lynn would not do so.

Dave Campbell, of Oregon, defeated Bill Hill, of Philadelphia, in 2 rounds, at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on March 16. Hill tried himself out in the first round, and was ready to quit as soon as he got hit in the second round.

Godfrey, the colored pugilist, of Boston, and Joe Lannon were matched to fight 6 rounds with 4-ounce gloves, Marquis of Queensbury rules, for a purse of \$400. The fight will be in a private room and will take place in about one month.

John Hayes and Charley Moore, both colored, boxed three rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, at a benefit for the Powers Hotel, Glee Club, Rochester, N. Y., on March 11. Hayes was declared the winner after a very interesting contest.

James McCarney, of Chicago, writes from Rich Hill, Mo., that he is prepared to meet Jack Walker and arrange a match to box with or without gloves, any rules, and wage \$1,000 to \$600, man and money ready at the Opera Palace, Nevada.

Those who have been shouting that Le Blanche would win against Dempsey, the hero from the Curragh of Killdure. He made them pay for their opinion. Frank Roche, Schaeffer's backer, lost \$2,750; Al Smith lost \$2,000. The ducks all put up on Le Blanche and lost.

The glove fight at Rich Hill, Mo., on March 13, between "Jack" Walker and J. McCarney for a purse with gloves "Police Gazette" rules, was won by the latter. McCarney had Walker fought to a standstill in the first round. In the second Walker committed a foul, and the referee declared McCarney the winner.

At the Imperial gymnasium, Rochester, N. Y., on March 11, there was a boxing exhibition, promoted by Prof. Doc Powers, in which prizes were offered for each series. The feather-weight medal was won by David O'Connor, a youth seventeen years of age, who defeated all comers. The light-weight trophy was won by John Honan, who defeated three contestants.

Jack Burgess, who won his match with Le Blanche a short time ago by a foul, and the Marine are anxious to get together again, and the match will probably take place soon. The stakes will be \$1,000 a side. A letter was received recently by a well-known Boston sporting man from Jack Burgess, in which the Brooklyn man said he would like to fight Jack Burke in Boston for a private purse of \$1,000.

Harry McCoy, of St. Louis, has issued a challenge wherein he states that he will fight Ed. Kelly (Tom Kelly, of Bradford, son, of St. Louis, 8 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$250 a side, and the winner to take 65 per cent, and the loser 35 per cent, of the gate receipts. The match to take place at St. Louis, four weeks from signing articles. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. McCoy also states that if Kelly does not accept the match is open to any middle-weight in America.

Jack Cockney, the champion light-weight of Wyoming, and James Conway, of Toronto, Pa., fought according to "Police Gazette" rules with gloves at Buffalo, Wyoming Territory, on Feb. 20. Cockney weighed 165 pounds, Conway 163 pounds. Conway won in three rounds, knocking Cockney out. Chris Crosby and Hank Haysa seconded Cockney; Dick Kennedy and Robert Haysa seconded Conway; Peter Griffin was referee and Miles Smith and Hank Gallagher were the timekeepers.

Pete McCoy is in Boston and is looking for one or two matches with some of the pugilists. A firm of bookmakers wants to match him against George Le Blanche in a fight to a finish in the regular 24-foot ring, with bare knuckles. Le Blanche is considerably stronger than McCoy, but the latter is more scientific and is known as a great general in a ring fight. It is also reported that this same firm will match McCoy against Dempsey in a fight to a finish, to take place in two months. Many Boston sporting men think that McCoy would have a better chance in a ring fight to defeat Dempsey than any of the pugilists who have met him.

Articles of agreement were signed at this office on Monday, March 22, for a wrestling match between Matsada Sorakichi, the champion Japanese wrestler, and Ernest Roeder, the champion of Germany. They are to wrestle best two in three falls, Greco-Roman style, for \$250 a side, Richard K. Fox is final stakeholder and appoints the referee. Michael Haas is the backer of Roeder and Wm. E. Harding backer of Sorakichi. A deposit of \$100 each has been posted, and the final deposit of \$150 a side is to be posted on Saturday, March 27, with Richard K. Fox. The contest will be decided at Germania Assembly Rooms, in the Bowery, on Wednesday, March 31. Roeder is said to be a strong powerful wrestler, taller and heavier than the Japanese.

Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, underneath his pleasing face and refined manners and gentlemanly deportment, which almost dispel all thought of his being the dreaded pugilist, that he is carries an intellect which, coupled with his natural and acquired physical superiority and excellent prize ring education, gives him a powerful advantage over others in the profession, and gives him an even balance against many who are very much more powerful physically. He has already demonstrated his superiority by winning thirty-five battles in the arena, and two of them were for larger stakes than the majority of the heavy-weight champions have fought for. He is quite unassuming, he is not a boaster, and is just as great a general and tactician in the ring as any champion that preceded him except Jim Mac.

The following sweeping challenge was received at this office on March 18, accompanied by a deposit of \$100:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 19, 1886.
I am prepared to wrestle Wm. Mankin, who claims to be the champion at Greco-Roman wrestling, best two in three falls, for \$200 or \$1,000 a side. I will also wrestle James Faulkner, catch-as-catch-can, best two in three falls, and wage \$500 to Faulkner's \$300, or I will wrestle Edwin Bibby upon the same terms. I propose to Faulkner. Evan Lewis can also be accommodated with a match. To prove human business I have forwarded \$100 to Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder, and I am willing that he shall select a referee. If Muldoon and the balance of the wrestlers are tired hippodroming they will cover my money.
JOE AERON,
Champion of America.

"The Sportsman," an English exchange, says: "Smith's ambition is to win the diamond belt Richard K. Fox has put up to take the place of the once-famous belt that Tom Savers and John C. Heenan fought for on the field of Faneburg in 1860. It is only a matter of time until there is a procession through Charing Cross and the Strand with Smith in a draw exhibiting the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt. The only obstacle in our champion's way is John L. Sullivan, of Boston; and Mace, who should

be a capital judge, says: 'In a battle with the raw 'uns, Smith should beat the Yankee champion.' It is understood negotiations are now pending between Richard K. Fox, Sullivan's backer and the donor of the belt, and George W. Atkinson for a great battle engagement between the Yankee champion and Smith for large stakes and the championship of the world. As far as our side is concerned we earnestly hope there will be no hitch, for Smith is good enough to battle for all the money in the mint."

Joe Ellingsworth, the amateur middleweight champion boxer, has whipped every one he ever met with considerable ease, and thinks he can conquer Jack Dempsey. This paunting for glory found vent in this challenge: "Mr. Jack Dempsey some time ago was under engagement to meet me in a glove contest, but he begged to be let off on the plea that he had too much at stake in the Fogarty and Le Blanche battles to throw away anything. He did not think, I suppose, that there was money enough in my engagement with him to warrant his keeping it when a better one offered. So he threw me for Fogarty and Le Blanche, promising, however, that he would certainly give me a meeting after his conflict with the Marine. Now that is ended, and I claim the fulfillment of Jack Dempsey's promise. To make the inducements worth his while, I will meet him on the same agreement, same rules, same gloves, and for the same amount of money, \$1,000 a side, with an added purse of \$1,500, which I have secured by the guarantee of wealthy and reputable gentlemen. If Mr. Dempsey refuses to accept these terms within a reasonable time, and by so refusing does not redeem his promise made to me to induce me to release him for the Fogarty fight, I will claim the middleweight championship of the world, and dare Dempsey or any one else to wrest it from me. I await his answer."
JOE ELLINGSWORTH.
"Champion Amateur Middleweight of America."
"New York, March 15, 1886."

A short but sharp battle with kid gloves for \$100 a side took place at a convenient spot in Chicago on March 16 between Frank Ware, light-weight champion of Illinois, and W. G. Cranston, of Boston. Ware stripped at about 135 pounds, and Cranston about 10 pounds heavier. At the call of time Ware led with his right, landing heavily on Cranston's left jaw. The blow drove the Boston man backward toward the ropes; but he recovered in time to meet Ware's second rush and to get in some telling half-arm blows upon his opponent's ribs and arms in the clinch that followed. Immediately after breaking Ware led again, this time with the left, and caught Cranston a fearful crack on the right eye. Cranston responded pluckily, but got considerably the worst of it during the remainder of the round, and when time was called took his seat somewhat groggy, while Ware was comparatively fresh. Ware opened the second round with another sharp right-hander. Cranston resisted Ware's vicious onslaught as best he could for 60 seconds longer, and then crashed to the floor under a clean shoulder hit from the same right hand, regaining his feet just in time to be knocked bleeding and senseless into Ware's corner. He fell with his head and arms resting upon his opponent's chest, and although his friends called out to him in earnest tones to get to his feet, he lay motionless, the blood trickling in a stream from his battered nose and mouth. The timekeeper called "Time" at the end of 10 seconds, and the referee awarded the fight to Ware. The time of the entire battle during which the men were fighting was but 4 minutes and 50 seconds.

A hard-glove fight between Mike Coburn, of Wilmington, Del., and Martin Brennan, of Philadelphia, two feather-weights, took place at Tom Clark's saloon, Front and York streets, Philadelphia, on March 16. The fight was to have been a finish, but a free fight between the seconds broke it up in the seventh round, and the referee, a well-known middle-weight boxer, declared the match a draw. Coburn proved much the better fighter, and without doubt would have won had there been no interference. Brennan was literally stepped in blood after the fifth round, and in the sixth round Coburn had him almost fought to a standstill, twice knocking him down. John McCarney, who handled Brennan, threw his man on to Coburn at the opening of the seventh round, whereupon Nichey Golden, who seconded Coburn, struck McCarney. John Golden, Nichey's brother, jumped on the stage and also went for Coburn, rushing him to the ropes. "Sparrow" Golden, still another member of the family, pulled the unlucky McCarney away from his brother and began punching him himself. The house was in an uproar, and in the midst of it the referee stopped the fight and decided it a draw. About half of the spectators left the room at once, but many of those living up-town hung around to talk over the affair. This delay cost them dear, for the police had got wind of the fight and appeared on the scene in time to capture forty-six men, including the two principals and the seconds. After keeping the men under lock and key in the room where the fight took place half an hour they were marched to the Eighteenth district station-house in squads of ten, and there brought up before Magistrate O'Brien, who fined each man \$4.50, and held Coburn, Brennan and Clark each in \$800 bail for Court and each of the others in \$400 to keep the peace.

On March 16 E. F. Mallahan, the well-known sporting man of Sixth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, planked a century with Richard K. Fox and issued the following bold edict on behalf of an unknown to all pugilists except John L. Sullivan, who he wisely looks upon as invincible. Here is the edict:
New York, March 16, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:
DEAR SIR—Having secured a man I think worthy to back against all comers with the exception of John L. Sullivan, the champion of the world, I hereby issue the following challenge, and to prove my earnestness in the matter, I have put up a forfeit of \$100. I stand ready to match an Unknown to contend in the arena with or without gloves, according to the new rules of the London prize ring or "Police Gazette" rules against Jack Burke, Charley Mitchell, Dominick McCaffrey, Frank Glover, Dick Collier, the latest arrival from England, John Killen of Chicago, Patsy Cardiff or Wm. Bradburn of Pittsburgh, for \$500 a side and the winner to take all the gate receipts. The contest to take place in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago or Jersey City in two or four weeks from signing articles. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and to select the referee. To prove I mean business I this day deposit \$100 with Richard K. Fox, which, I trust, one of the many would-be champions will cover—first come first served.
E. F. MALLAHAN.
Judging from the earnest and business-like proposition of Mallahan, he evidently has what to say as a turf phrase, is styled a sleeper, and he must be a boxer of merit when Mallahan is so eager to match him. Who the unknown is, at present is a mystery, and it will keep the sporting fraternity a thinking to find out. No matter who he may be there is every probability some one will agree to meet him.

If Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion heavy-weight pugilist, is eager to arrange a match to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring with or without gloves for \$1,000 a side, both the ex-champion and his backers can be readily accommodated with a match, for Mr. J. D. Hayes, a well-known hotel proprietor of Ithaca, came on to this city yesterday on purpose to match Mike Conley, the Ithaca wonder, against Paddy Ryan or any pugilist in America except John L. Sullivan for \$1,000 a side. Hayes says Conley can beat any man in this country in the prize ring. Last November he posted \$100 forfeit with the Police Gazette, and offered to match Conley against any man in America except Sullivan, but although there are dozens of heavy-weights none of them will meet him. Mr. Hayes left \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox and the following challenge:
New York, March 19, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:
I am prepared to arrange a match to meet Paddy Ryan, Dick Collier, or any man in the world, bar John L. Sullivan, at catch weights, according to the rules of the London prize ring, and fight with small gloves for the sum of \$500 or \$1,000 a side. The contest to take place within three months from signing articles of agreement, and Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the Police Gazette, to be final stakeholder, select the battle ground and appoint the referee. I have instructed my backer to post a forfeit of \$100 with Richard K. Fox, which he has complied with, and if any of the many heavy-weight pugilists are as anxious to arrange a prize ring encounter as they pretend to be they will cover my backers, and name a time to meet at the Police Gazette office to arrange a match, for I am certain I can whip any man in the world according to London prize ring rules.
MICHAEL C. CONLEY.

Conley is twenty-six years of age, and his dimensions are as follows: Chest measurement (skin), 46 inches; waist, 38 1/2 inches; forearm, 14 1/2 inches; biceps (near shoulder), 17 1/2 inches; 6 feet in stocking feet; weight, when not in training, 235 pounds; trained, 207 pounds. J. D. Hayes' \$100 proves he means business, and some of the many would-be champions should agree to meet the Ithaca wonder.

Base ball players and admirers of the national game should not fail to buy next issue of this paper for news and gossip of this sport, exclusively written for the GAZETTE.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drohan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

Henry Anders bested Frank Ahern at Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, March 16.

The \$100 Fred Vokes had posted at this office to run Fred Rodgers, of Trenton, was withdrawn by Vokes' backer.

The first thing Dempsey did, after defeating Le Blanche, was to go direct to visit his mother, in Brooklyn, E. D., and hand her the \$1,000 that Gus Tuthill, his backer, gave him.

The following are the players engaged for the Buffalo Base Ball Club: Pitchers, Holtsberger, Fells, Clark; catchers, Smith, Drissel, Bradley; third base, McGlone; short stop, Carr; first base or right field, Brothers; second base, Carley; left field, Murray; center field, Jevne; two more players to be engaged.

A desperate contest, "Police Gazette" rules, with gloves, was decided at Brooklyn, Ohio, on March 20. The principal was Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, and Andy Guiney. The men used 2-ounce gloves. Guiney forced the fighting from the start, and gained first blood in the opening round; but his rapid work exhausted him, and Thompson knocked him out of time in the third round, winning the \$150 purse which was offered.

The great 15-ball pool match between Albert Frey, of New York, and J. L. Malone, of Chicago, the best 80 in 150 games, for \$500, which began on March 15, at Maurice Daly's billiard rooms, Washington street, Brooklyn, ended on March 20. On the fourth night the score stood 64 games for Frey, and 59 games for Malone. On March 19 the match closed, Frey having won 16 games and Malone 13 in the night's play. This made a grand total for Frey of 80 games against 72 for Malone—the series comprising 152 games.

Of the proposed encounter between Charley Mitchell and Jack Dempsey, the latter says there is not much use in trying to do anything with a man who won't fight. Money has been shook in Mitchell's face more than once, but he won't respond. "I prefer to retire from the business," he said, "and while I will not boast or brag, or do anything to make a fight myself, I will not be forced or imposed upon with impunity by any one. But Mitchell, I don't think, wants to fight. If he does, I will meet him any time he puts up a forfeit at the POLICE GAZETTE office."

Joe Ellingsworth, of the Pastime Athletic Club, after Jack Dempsey defeated the Boston champion, Le Blanche, challenged Dempsey to meet him in the arena for \$1,000 a side and a purse of \$1,500 and the middleweight championship. In reply, Dempsey, at this office, said: "I have done fighting enough in the past few months, and, acting under the advice of my backer, Gus Tuthill, and Richard K. Fox, will rest for two months at least. In the meantime, since Ellingsworth is so willing for a fight, I will match my friend, Dave Campbell, of Oregon, against him for \$1,000 a side, any rules and at any time. I have deposited \$250 with Richard K. Fox for Ellingsworth to cover."

The second of the two billiard matches between Edward McLaughlin, of Philadelphia, and John Randolph Heiser, of New York, was played at the Assembly Building, Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on March 20. Like the first game, which was played at New York on March 8, and resulted in McLaughlin's favor, the match was for 500 points up, 14 inch ball line rules, and for \$500 a side. Thomas R. Bullock acted as referee, and Pincus Levy served as marker; Jacob Schaeffer was judge for Heiser, and Thomas Pollard acted in the same capacity for McLaughlin. The score: Heiser—total, 500; average, 9.8-13; highest run, 55. McLaughlin—total, 429; average, 8.21-51; highest run, 48.

The Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, was packed March 20, the great attraction being the four-round boxing match between Dave Campbell and Bill Dunn, of Gray's Ferry. Bob Caffey was the judge and Frank Gormley time-keeper. Campbell was the larger man, but Dunn is very muscular, and he is as active on his feet as a cat. In the first round Campbell took the initiative, and looked and acted more like a fighter than ever before. He got in the first blow, a light left-hander on the mouth. He also planted a sander on the stomach. Dunn cleverly ducked and jumped away from several blows, which had they landed, must have punished him badly. He napped two faces that brought the carnage, but he succeeded in sending in three or four taps that convinced Campbell that he could take no liberties with him. The men behaved very well in the clinches, "breaking" often before called on to do so by the referee. The second round was about a stand-off. In the third, Dunn got in his best work and landed a body and neck blow that were quite severe. In the last round Campbell forced the pace and it was soon apparent that he was the stronger man. He gave Dunn a smash on the face that brought the ruby and a right-hander that landed him on his back. His seconds raised him from the stage, whereupon foul was claimed for Campbell. It was not allowed and they fought for a half minute longer. Dave got in two more good ones before time was called. The referee gave the fight to Campbell.

In the Fall of 1881, at the time Richard K. Fox proposed to match Paddy Ryan to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, he sent his representative with a certified check for \$1,000 and a challenge to the late Frank Queen's paper. The challenge was accepted with the check for \$1,000 at the time, but a few days later it was returned, the late Frank Queen claiming that his paper would have nothing more to do with pugilists or pugilism, that they were a disreputable class, and that he wanted to wash his hands of the prize fighting business. The challenge was then published in the New York Herald, World, Sun, etc., and the \$1,000 forfeit placed with Harry Hill. The match was finally arranged, and then Frank Queen's alleged sporting journal week after week published false statements about the match, stating that it would never take place, and that Richard K. Fox would not dare lose his money. The battle was decided in a fair and honorable manner, and the victor received the spoils. Since that time, through that great fight event, the public once more had faith and confidence in prize ring matters, and there has been more boxing and fistic encounters than ever the action of Frank Queen in ignoring those who followed the prize ring and the pugilists themselves, gave his paper its death-blow, from which it will never recover. Frank Queen had never done anything to advance boxing, and refused time and time again to hold stakes, although it was through pugilists he built up a fortune. The managers of this paper are just as penurious, and they have seen their folly now it is too late and trying to pander to the boxers, but it is no use. The POLICE GAZETTE and its proprietor studies their interest, and they now ignore Frank Queen's one-sided sheet in the same manner as he insulted and snubbed the whole fistic fraternity in 1880 by refusing to hold their money and allow them to arrange matches at his office. "Every dog has its day," is an old saying, and the defunct Leonard and Centre street sheet is now enjoying the result of its partiality and meanness by the fistic fraternity boycotting it.

Bicycle riding promises to be one of the leading sports during the coming season, and several English champions are coming to this country to contend in rivalry against the American champions. In order to promote bicycling Richard K. Fox has decided to offer a professional championship trophy to be competed for in a 20-mile race. The medal is valued at \$500, and will represent the 20-mile bicycle championship of the world. It is now on exhibition at this office, and all who have seen it pronounce it to be the best trophy ever offered for bicycling.

The following are the conditions which will govern the "Police Gazette" bicycle championship medal:
Rule 1—All races shall be 20 miles; entrance fee \$100, which sweepstakes is divided as follows: Seventy-five per cent. to the first and twenty-five per cent. to the second.

2—The winner of the trophy must hold it against all comers, and be ready to compete within four weeks from the date of challenge or challenge.

3—All parties desiring to compete for the trophy must deposit \$100 with Richard K. Fox.

4—The winner of the trophy must furnish suitable security for its return when called for.

5—All races for the trophy must take place on suitable grounds, according to the mutual agreement of the majority of contestants.

6—In all contests for the "Police Gazette" championship trophy Richard K. Fox to appoint all officials and referee and decide all questions and disputes, and the decision of the referee to be final.

7—In all races for the trophy the gate money must be divided as follows: Sixty per cent. to the winner, twenty-five to second man and fifteen to third after expenses are defrayed.

8—Richard K. Fox or his representative shall manage all races and each contestant must be allowed a representative to look after his interest.

9—The race for the trophy to take place early in June, 1886, on any track which is mutually agreed upon.

10—The winner of the "Police Gazette" bicycle trophy will be considered the 20-mile champion of America.

11—Should the holder of the trophy refuse to compete for the same or fail to accept a challenge within ten days from said being issued, shall forfeit all claim to the trophy.

12—The medal will become the personal property of any competitor winning it three times.

The fac simile of the medal will appear in a few weeks in this paper. It is the best and most valuable trophy ever offered for a bicycle contest.

John S. Prince, the champion bicycle rider of America, who has been on a visit to England, arrived on the Arizona in New York on March 16. The champion called on Richard K. Fox, deposited \$100, and left the following challenge:
New York, March 17, 1886.

To the Editor:
Understanding that Richard K. Fox offers a trophy to represent the 20-mile bicycle championship of America, I hereby challenge any man to compete against me for the trophy according to the conditions governing the same. As Nelson Woodside, Eck Brooks and others have been issuing several challenges while I have been in England, here is an opportunity for them to arrange a match with me. To prove I mean business I have deposited \$100 with Richard K. Fox to compete for the trophy, and will be ready at any time to meet all comers to ratify a match.
JOHN S. PRINCE, champion of America.

There has been quite a boom in the pugilistic circles on the Isthmus of Panama, and matters came to a climax on the night of the 26th, when a grand sparring performance was held at the Mechanic's Club, the principal feature of which was a hard glove fight for a purse of \$500, Marquis of Queensbury rules, 6 rounds, between two noted champions of the West Indies—viz., Graves, champion of Trinidad, and Blackman, champion of Barbadoes. The two men were about equal weight, 165 pounds. Graves was seconded by Fraser Kingsley, and Blackman by Lynch Kiddle, and as Taylor, who was appointed referee, was taken sick, Sutherland, who is an "old-timer," acted as referee and time-keeper. The match originated in this way: Graves claims to be a "Prof.," and has been teaching some of the "Aspinwallists" the noble art of self-defense, but Blackman on his arrival stated that he was more scientific, and the club decided to award the best man the post of teacher.

Round 1—Upon "time" being called both responded with activity and fixed determination to bring matters to a close. After some sparring Blackman led and landed lightly on the mark, and received a hot one in return on the mug, after which both played cautiously.

2—Both came up fresh and smiling. Graves, by the advice of his backer, opened the ball and forced the fighting with a rush. He landed left and right on mark and neck; a clinch then followed, and some good short-arm work was done, in which the Trinidadian figured best.

3—Both men came to the scratch with a bound. Graves led, but was countered heavily on the left cheek, leaving a bump. Blackman then forced the fighting by driving him around the ring and punishing him badly. First blood for Blackman.

4—Upon time being called both came to the scratch, Blackman confident, Graves a little shaky; the fighting was forced by Blackman until Graves got his second wind, when, by a swishing right-hander on Blackman's jaw, he sent him down in a heap. In this round Blackman burst his gloves and sprained his finger.

5—Graves came up laughing and Blackman a little rattled. Graves, now seeing he had his man well in, forced the fighting and drove him into his corner. On being called away, he got in some heavy "rib-roastings," and a cry of foul was raised by the friends of Blackman, which was not allowed by the referee.

6—In this round, which was to be the last, the fighting was tame. Graves driving his man round the ring and Blackman fighting leary, Graves having slightly the best of it.

7—The referee ordered the men to fight another round for a decision, and after some altercation another round was agreed on. Graves came up with a knock-you-out look in his eye, and Blackman looking sullen and determined. Graves then led heavily on Blackman's neck, just getting back in time to avoid a vicious under cut from Blackman. Hot work then followed, Graves getting in left and right on his opponent's stomach and chin, the round ending in a clinch, where good short-arm work was done, the claret flowing freely from both parties, Graves shaky and Blackman unable to stand. To the disgust of many, the referee then declared the fight a draw.

They are to meet again to fight to a finish, bare knucks, for \$600, in twenty days' time.

The six-day roller-skating race, eight hours a day, began at Minneapolis, Minn., on Monday, March 15, and ended on Saturday, March 20. Nise started. Snowden gained the lead on the first day, covering 114 miles, or five laps more than the scores of Boyst and Gamble, who together held second place. Snowden made his first 100 miles in 6 hours 41 minutes and 20 seconds, which lowers Carruth's record for that distance 5 minutes and 10 seconds. Cole did the poorest work of the lot, his eight hours' skating netting him only 92 miles and 2 laps. Snowden, Skinner and Boyst were seven minutes late in starting the second day. The delay cost Snowden first place. Boyst rapidly gained on Snowden, and soon made up the five laps between their scores. The two New Yorkers then remained together the remainder of this day, and at night each had the same score—224 miles and 2 laps. They were then one lap behind Bromley, five behind Gamble and six behind Carruth, who leads the octet of skaters. Carruth, the Crookston lad, lost his lead early on Thursday by a series of mishaps. The bushing of his skates became loose four times, and twice he was thrown to the ground. These accidents gave Gamble first place, and he later on was forced to give way to Bromley. Gamble's ankles went back on him. Carruth, notwithstanding his bad luck, was never below third place. When Gamble let up in his speed he went into second place. It was in these positions they finished the day. O'Neill was not numbered among the contestants, having stopped on the 17th. Gamble was not numbered among the starters on March 18. This left only six in the race. Bromley set the pace most of the day at a 15-mile gait, increasing at times to 16 miles. Carruth again had trouble with his skates. Snowden frequently indulged in spurring, and by repeated spurts in the last hour took the lead from Bromley. Boyst quickly followed Snowden, and first passed Carruth and then Bromley, finishing the day in second place. Skinner and Cole dropped behind when the others spurted. On March 19 the race narrowed down to five contestants, Skinner, from Boston, being the next to drop by the wayside. The work done on March 19 was much better than that of any day except the first. Snowden did the best skating, covering 113 miles 3 laps. When the day's work was over Snowden led Boyst by two laps, Bromley by five and Carruth by seven. Cole was exactly 27 miles behind. The five men remaining in the race on the last day put in eight more hours without resting. There was considerable spurring indulged in, and the finish was very exciting. The race ended at 10 P. M. Snowden won, leading Boyst, the second man, by two laps. Bromley was five and Carruth seven laps behind Snowden and Cole 43 miles. Snowden's full score was 689 miles 3 laps. This is the first 48-hour race, 8 hours daily, and consequently no comparison of records can be made. One remarkable fact connected with the race is that the four leaders covered more ground on the last day than they did in any previous day. The four leaders made precisely the same score on the last day—120 miles 3 laps. Cole's score was 104 miles 4 laps. Total score: Boyst, 669 1/2; Bromley, 668 1/2; Carruth, 668 1/2; Cole, 625 1/2.

The score by days was as follows:

	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
Snowden	114.0	110.2	107.0	104.3	113.3	120.3
Boyst	113.3	107.7	107.2	104.3	113.1	120.3
Skinner	110.0	110.7	107.2	108.6	112.0	120.3
Bromley	111.7	112.4	106.7	104.0	113.1	120.3
Carruth	113.1	111.7	105.6	104.1	113.2	120.3
Cole	92.2	116.0	108.2	102.3	102.2	120.3
Gamble	113.2	111.4	75.2
O'Neill	105.0	111.1
Smith	20.0

The Life and Battles of Jack Dempsey, the middle weight champion, will be fully illustrated in No. 447 of this paper, out next Friday. Send 10c. for copy.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I see that the entries for the Kentucky Running Meeting number 146. The list includes the best horses in the country, and in one state, the Distillers, Lady Wayward, Brookfield, Freeland, Irish Pat, Tyrant, Hidalgo, Troubadour and Fallon will run against each other—a race worth going many miles to witness.

I think Edward Hanlan, the ex-champion oarsman, is going to commence the rowing season in earnest.

He has arranged a match to row his old rival, Wallace Ross, a 3-mile race, for a purse of \$3,000.

I understand the race is to be rowed on the Richelieu River, Quebec, on Dominion Day.

Ross has tried to conquer Hanlan several times, both in match races and regattas, but always failed; how he will fare in the coming contest time will tell.

Ross has been a first-class oarsman and good enough to beat English oarsmen, and several from the United States and the Dominion, but up to date he has never had the speed and stamina to win the championship of America.

I recently had a few minutes' conversation with Dick Collier, the latest pugilistic importation from the Land of the Rose.

Collier has the appearance of a boxer. He is well put together, stands 5 feet 9 inches in height, and in condition weighs about 160 pounds.

By the way, I understand Patsy Sheppard, the boniface of the Abbeys, Boston, has a champion he is anxious to match against any feather weight in America.

Sheppard's protegee is Isaac Webb, the feather-weight champion of England.

Webb has issued a challenge offering to meet any man in America at 112 pounds, "Police Gazette" rules, to a finish for \$250 a side, the match to be decided in private and only a limited number of spectators to be present.

He comes to America to meet any of the fistic division, with the exception of John L. Sullivan, and appears very anxious to arrange a match with Jack Burke.

Judging by his looks, he will no doubt make a formidable opponent for any man who will dare face him in the arena.

Since Webb's defeat was thrown broadcast over the country I met Tommy Danforth, the retired amateur champion, who has won a score of battles in the arena, and informed him that there was a man in Boston with the sinews of war ready to give him a battle.

Danforth said he would meet Webb at catch weight for a purse in New York, or take 5 pounds and box him.

Danforth is in Philadelphia with Jack Smith Bendigo, of London, who won the heavy-weight amateur champion medal at the New York Athletic Club meeting.

Speaking of Smith puts me in mind of the New York Athletic Club boxing championships.

Smith hails from London, and is able to knock out most any man his weight. He is well known among professional boxers, and he played the ringer on the shrewd members of the N. Y. Athletic Club.

He entered as an amateur, beat four or five contestants, and won their trophy, which he received on March 16.

Now Smith has the trophy in his possession he don't care who knows he is a professional.

It is not the first time a professional ringer or a sleeper has walked away with one of the New York Athletic Club trophies, but none of them ever hoodwinked the club as Smith does.

He came from England with a first-class certificate. Under the guidance of Billy Oliver of Harlem, he quietly kept his business to himself, entered as a green boxer, conquered every boxer pitted against him and won the trophy.

Smith will be heard from in the future in prize ring circles, and I am sure he will always appreciate the New York Athletic Club medal.

I have a capital story to write about the now historic battle between Jack Dempsey, the Pride of Kildare, and George LeBlanche.

It will be remembered the men fought for \$1,000 a side independent of the purse subscribed by Messrs. Golcoria, Mr. John Pollock, Wm. Gladwin, Dr. Ordway, Mr. Knapp, and Mr. Leavitt, who were present at the mill fought on March 14.

The stakes were held by Capt. Scook, of Boston, who was so located over the confidence the pugilist placed in him, and never having held stakes before, he did not know how to fill his functions.

Besides being stakeholder I understand that he was a strong supporter of LeBlanche, and wagered a silk hat and a bottle of wine that he would conquer the undefeated champion from the Carragh of Kildare.

On the night after the battle he was so heart-broken and mortified to think that he had lost the hat and bottle of wine, besides being disgusted that his champion whom he had boomed and boosted up, was beaten, that he drowned his mortification in a bottle of New England rum.

The result was his brain became so foggy that he did not know a lamp post from a telegraph pole.

He had the stakes, \$2,000, in his pocket, and was in a hurry to go back to Boston to drap his office in mourning, but he was anxious, against his will, to pay Dempsey the stakes.

He called a cab at the Hoffman House, and after staggering into the vehicle, ordered the Jehu to drive him to the Rochester House.

On arriving at Dempsey's headquarters, Bill Wright, better known as Roaring Bill, was standing in the bar-room, and Scook yelled out: "Is that you, Captain?" thinking it was Capt. Tuthill, Jack Dempsey's backer's brother. "Where is Gus Tuthill?" stammered Scook, as he nearly staggered out of the cab.

"Up at the Hoffman House with Dempsey."

"Come out here, Cap. I am disgusted with this fighting business. These fighters are no good—none of them. Here is the \$2,000 stakes. Give it to Gus or Dempsey, and tell him I left it—that I am off for Boston."

The \$2,000 were handed to Roaring Bill, who many claim is anything but honest.

Tremblingly he accepted the \$2,000, and for a min-

ute held it tightly in his grasp, thinking what good luck to be made custodian of so much money.

Roaring Bill did not know whether to fly with the money or what to do, but he remembered Gus Tuthill and Dempsey were his friends, and the man many have down for not being honest said:

"Take this money to Dempsey and Tuthill. You will find them at the Hoffman House. My name is Wright, and I am not Captain Tuthill."

Scook grasped the money, and when he found how near he lost \$2,000 he sobered up somewhat and left a richer and a wiser man.

If Wright had retained the \$2,000 Scook's employer would have had to pay the money over again, but Dempsey and Tuthill would have had hard trouble to recover it, and it is doubtful if they ever recovered it.

Scook is a greenhorn at the stakeholding business, or else he would have required a receipt before he handed over the stakes, but if he had been sober, probably he would not have mistaken Roaring Bill for Capt. Tuthill.

The escape of Scook was the topic in this city, and it is doubtful if he will ever be made stakeholder again.

I see that the New York State Baseball League is now one of the organizations of the past.

Representatives of the clubs belonging to the New York State Baseball League, met at Rochester, N. Y., on St. Patrick's Day, admitted the Hamilton and Toronto (Canadian clubs), and changed the name to the International League.

The clubs belonging to the new association are Rochester, Utica, Buffalo, Oswego, Syracuse, Hamilton and Toronto, seven in all.

It provides for the opening of the season on May 8, with Syracuse, at Oswego; Binghamton, at Utica; Toronto, at Rochester, and Hamilton, at Buffalo.

Each club is to play seven games on its own grounds with each of the other nine, making ninety-eight games for the season for each club to play.

Toronto and Hamilton guarantee \$100 to Binghamton, Utica and Oswego; \$75 to Syracuse, and \$50 to Rochester and Buffalo. All other guarantees are \$50.

"Illustrated Sports," an English sporting paper, says: "Smith's (the English champion) wonderful muscular development gives him the appearance of a perfect Hercules. He is not yet twenty-four years old."

"He hits with tremendous power, and receives punishment with the utmost nonchalance."

Should he meet Sullivan I think he will give the American champion more trouble than he anticipates, certainly a greater amount than any of our representatives who have already tried conclusions with him.

Smith's fighting weight is 175 pounds—at least that is what he weighed when he met Greenfield.

I cannot help alluding to the remarks of some writers on the Smith and Greenfield battle who were conspicuous by their absence from the ring side and who are ever ready to disparage anything, whether good or bad, if they are not present to see what takes place.

One old ring-goer asserts that there have been battles almost out of number since that between Bayers and Henan that have created much greater interest than that between Smith and Greenfield.

Had he seen as much interest displayed over the last affair as I did, I think he would alter his mind, and am perfectly certain that there was more money dependent on the result than on any of the matches he alludes to, save and except that between King and Henan.

The fact that George LeBlanche first developed into a pugilist under the tutelage of Billy Madden, never before been published. Immediately after the Wooden Walker fight in New Jersey, which resulted in the death of Walker, Madden was forced to leave the country.

Under the assumed name of Prof. Woods he opened an athletic school in Montreal. LeBlanche was then in the service of the Canadian Marines, and it was in Madden's school that he received the training which has made him famous.

Regarding the Smith and Greenfield battle Pen-dragon says: "Greenfield is comparatively a little man; properly trained he should go into the ring under 112 rather than over it, while Smith's partisans admit that he cannot safely be got more than 2 or 3 pounds under 150. Smith is just turned twenty-two, while, according to Greenfield's statement of age as made when he fought Harrington and again when he fought Stewart, he cannot be a day under five-and-thirty."

"With twelve or thirteen years the advantage in age and 28 pounds the advantage in weight, Smith ought to have made very short work of Greenfield if he wanted to uphold his claim to be considered 'the champion of all the champions.'"

"In justice to Smith perhaps it ought to be said that this is not so much his claim as the claim of a lot of blatant know-nothings who would gauge the measure of Smith's ability by means of the depth of their own ignorance."

"Smith, so far as I have been able to discover, is a quiet, unpretentious young fellow, who never, till this very great greatness was thrust upon him, dreamt of regarding himself as the concentrated essence of all the best pugilists, from Jack Broughton, through Jim Belcher, Tom Cribb, Hen. Pearce, John Jackson, Jim Ward, and many another, down to the days which boasted of a Tom Sayers, or even to the day which now boasts its John L. Sullivan."

I should really like to know, if the conduct of the Birmingham division was only a quarter as vile as it is said to have been by the believers in Smith, why the law, which is absolute, was not put in force against them?

If men known to be partisans of one combatant break into the ring, or do anything else that is likely to interfere with the fair decision of a fight, the referee has full power to award the victory to the man who is thus interfered with.

Mace is a boxer who thoroughly knows what he is about; it is hardly likely that he would go out of his way to oblige Greenfield's lot, and therefore disoblige men who are much more likely than the others to be grateful for services rendered; therefore I should think that on the face of it the conduct of the roughs has either been considerably exaggerated or that one set of roughs was quite as bad as the other.

By the English exchanges I learn that Joe Baldock, the famous English pugilist, died at his residence, at London, England, on Dec. 14. Baldock was a good man in his day.

He fought a draw with Owen Lee, April 4, 1854; beat Ginger Joe for \$5, 64 rounds, 1 hour 25 minutes, Feb. 6, 1855; beat Floet Donovan, 230 to 220, 98 rounds, 2 hours, 10 minutes, April 10, 1855; beaten by Ros Tyler, 225, 150 rounds, 3 hours 5 minutes; 1856, fought Dooney Harris, 225 aside, 24 rounds, 45 minutes, July 30, 1857, when owing to the police interference the battle was stopped and Baldock, refusing to renew the fight, Harris was awarded the stakes. Baldock also fought Tom McKelvie, Bill Cobley, Seckey Hart, etc.

The "Sporting Man's Companion" is a book every sporting man should procure for reference. It will be mailed from this office on receipt of 25 cents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the POLICE GAZETTE, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

J. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—No.
M. L., Wilmington, Del.—Yes.
W. H. H., Danbury, Conn.—Yes.
M. W. G., Woonsocket, R. I.—No.
O. D. S., West Hoboken, N. J.—Yes.
F. J. F., Cohoes, N. Y.—148 pounds.
C., Buford, D. T.—Thanks for items.
F. L., Wichita, Kan.—Thanks for information.
K. and S., Memphis.—Have no record of matter.
A. L. P., Kinsey, Kansas.—Heat will crack a glass.
H. F. D., Providence, R. I.—Gus Hill holds that title.
A. M., Rochester, N. Y.—Jem Mace was born April 8, 1851.
M. S., Chicago, Ill.—Send \$1.50 and we will send you books.
J. M., Williamsburg.—Send \$1 and we will send you the book.
J. A., Ansonia, Conn.—Send \$2 and we will mail you the book.
F. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Hermit won the 2,000 guineas in 1854.
W. W., Defiance, Ohio.—Address Editor Boycotter, N. Y. City.
Q. R. H., Maryland.—1. We do not keep a murder record. 2. No.
B. C. A., Elmira, N. Y.—Soak your feet in alum water or tannin.
F. E. C., Springfield, O.—Write to Wm. Clacker, Newark, N. J.
A. B. K., Middletown, N. Y.—Write to the captain of the Servia.
R. D., St. Louis, Mo.—Ben Caunt and Bendigo fought on July 25, 1855.

M. O. B., Brooklyn.—Four aces win unless otherwise agreed upon.
READER, Bangor, Me.—We do not know anything about lotteries.

E. J. B., Dunkirk, N. Y.—We have no record of the loss of the vessel.
C. H. F., Detroit.—We published Jack Dempsey's record in No. 145.

J. B. S., Olean, N. Y.—1. All bets follow the stakes. 2. The bet is a draw.
J. B. S., Dover, N. H.—We answer no communications by mail or telegraph.

J. K., Barnwell, Wis.—Send twenty-five cents and we will send you rules.
W. R., Hartford, Conn.—We will publish your picture as soon as possible.

F. J. F., Cohoes, N. Y.—1. Dempsey weighed 150 pounds. 2. 145 pounds.
L. B., Iroquois, Dak.—Duncan C. Ross never taught the art of self-defense.

P. L. F., Lyons, Iowa.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height.
A. M., Kingston, N. Y.—1. No. 2. If the words "more or less" was used you win.

C. M. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Alf Greenfield, the English pugilist, is 35 years of age.
T. M. G., Montreal.—1. Wallace Ross was born at St. John, N. B. 2. About 165 pounds.

P. P., Toronto, Canada.—Will publish picture as soon as we have an opportunity.
CONSTANT READER, New York.—No one has ever defeated Jack Dempsey, of New York.

J. T., Germantown, Pa.—Send 10 cents and we will send you Harry Gilmore's record.
W. W., Pittsburg, Pa.—The Maladetta Mountains are in Spain.

J. W., Lowell, Mass.—Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."
H. V., Allentown, Pa.—On May 17, 1879, R. H. Treman threw a baseball 379 feet 6½ inches.

C. C. R., Lockport, N. Y.—1. It would be an American under both circumstances. 2. Yes.
J. H., Gloster.—1. John L. Sullivan. 2. Ryan weighed 193 pounds and Sullivan 195 pounds.

O. B., Collins.—Arthur Chambers and Sam Collier never fought in the ring as opponents. B. loses.
S. B., Mason, Wis.—1. Population of New York city is 1,206,299. 2. Population of Brooklyn is 566,663.

H. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—Ed Turner hopped 80 yards in 11 1-5 seconds, at London, Eng., Nov. 17, 1878.
J. S., Boston.—Tom Hughes (the Pittsburg sporting man) address is 62 Diamond street, Pittsburg, Pa.

G. B., San Francisco.—We do not publish every portrait mailed us, but use our judgment about the matter.
D. S., Louisville, Ky.—C. H. Kip, of Harvard College, threw the hammer 88 feet 11 inches on May 26, 1883.

G. J., Buffalo, N. Y.—J. B. Morris, of Hickory, Pa., made 221 horseshoe nails in 1 hour, in February, 1871.
T. C., Philadelphia.—Show your openers only; not being called it is not necessary to show the other three cards.

M. O. B., Brooklyn.—Straighten beat four aces if it is agreed to play. First-class poker players never play straight.
CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—1. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height and weighs 195 pounds in condition.

W. H. L., Coney Island.—John L. Sullivan never fought the Tipton Slasher, neither did James (Yankee) Sullivan.
A. W., Syracuse, N. Y.—The Remsen steel works at Troy, N. Y., rolled 52 steel rails, weighing 14 tons, in 36 minutes.

J. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.—1. No; he used two hands to raise it. 2. It is a fair performance for an amateur. 3. Send \$3.
M. T. T., Butte, Montana.—Send on photo and records and we will publish them. We do not charge for publishing photo.

W. Palatine, Va.—C. Terront rode 339 11-15 miles on a bicycle in 24 hours and 363 1-15 miles in 26 hours, Sept. 19, 20, 1879.
M. M., Boston, Mass.—At Montreal, Can., on Sept. 29, 1883, J. Daley threw a lacrosse ball 441 feet 8 inches in an extra trial.

H. S., Peoria, Ill.—J. S. Wharton rode 440 yards on a bicycle (flying start) in 36 2-5 seconds, at London, Eng., July 1, 1882.
H. L., Minatitan, Mexico.—1. A regular circular track is the best. 2. Send \$5.50 and we will mail you a book on the subject.

B. R., Austin, Texas.—The 120-yard hurdle race was won by J. F. Jenkins in 17 3-5 seconds, on May 27, 1882, at New York city.
W. C., Welland, Ont.—Roller-skating records are unreliable, consequently no dependence is placed in the alleged time made.

S. G., Hartford, Conn.—It was on Nov. 13, 1879, that Sam Patch jumped from the Genesee Falls, Rochester, N. Y., and was killed.
J. S., Scotland, Pa.—J. Marquand climbed a rope 38 feet, using hands alone, in 23½ seconds, at Cambridge, Mass., March 26, 1883.

H. R., Muskegon, Mich.—As we stated before you bet on both birds. 2. You did not read it in this paper. We never ruled Fell.
M. P., Long Branch.—One hundred horseshoes were made in 2 hours 33½ minutes by John P. Silk, at Cincinnati, Ohio, on Dec. 5, 1877.

D. A., Philadelphia, Pa.—He must get on his feet unassisted, 10 seconds being allowed him to do so, when the round is to be resumed.
G. F. O., Mulford, Conn.—Either retain the money until the party is found or keep his part of the wager. There is no rule on the subject.

C. C., Honesdale, Pa.—John Maloney, of Chicago, Ill., on Aug. 18, 1883, dressed a bullock, go-as-you-please style, in 3 minutes 40 seconds.
C. F. A., New York City.—See POLICE GAZETTE, No. 145. It contains full particulars of the battles and birthplace of George LeBlanche.

S. W. G., Boston.—1. On Nov. 14, 1886, D. J. Ross ran 5 miles in 25 minutes 32 seconds at Omaha, Neb. 2. Ross' performance is not a record.
F. E. F., New Haven, Conn.—1. John L. Sullivan and Joe Goos boxed for the first time at Goss' benefit, at Boston, Mass., April 6, 1880. 2. Yes.

B. R., New York.—1. Miss Anna Clara Jagerleky, aged seventeen, skated 30 hours with only 30 minutes' rest at Detroit, Mich., on Jan. 25, 26, 1868.
M. E., Lansingburg.—W. C. Dole swung a pair of 6-pound Indian clubs continuously for 3 hours 30 minutes, for a wager, at Pullman, Ill., on March 24, 1883.

B. E., Newcastle, Del.—Capt. Salvi rode Lodo, a Sardinian mare, from Bergamo, Lombardy, to Naples, Italy, nearly 580 English miles, in 10 days in 1878.

J. H., Mount Vernon.—At the Louisville (Ky.) Exposition, Sept. 18, 1878, Andrew Cutter drew up his body 6 feet with little finger and 12 times with our hand.

D. L., Baltimore, Md.—Training for pugilism is almost the same as for pedestrianism, the object in both being principally to obtain additional wind or strength.

G. A., Charlotte, N. Y.—1. McDonald, of the Melbourne Club, kicked the ball through the goal posts at a distance of 65 yards, at Melbourne, Aus., Aug., 1877. 2. Yes.

S. M., Newark, N. J.—1. Chas. Freeman stood 6 feet 10 inches in height and weighed 252 pounds. 2. Died of consumption on Oct. 18, 1845, aged 28, at Winchester Hospital.

T. H. S., Pittsfield, Ill.—1. G. D. Farney, of New York City. 2. In 1840. 3. Have not Sullivan's proportions. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches, and weighs in condition 195 pounds.

W. W., Plano.—1. Joe Fowler, Tom Danforth, Ike Webb, all claim that title. 2. John L. Sullivan's parents were born in Kerry, Ireland; Sullivan was born in Boston.

Da. J. W. Y., Billings, Christian Co., Mo.—Write to George W. Atkinson, Sporting Life, London. He will furnish you with more details about Ted Napper than we are able to do.

A. A., Baltimore, Md.—At Cincinnati, Ohio, on March 5, 1883, Walter W. Wirthwine addressed 131 envelopes, with name, town, county and State in 9 hours 58 minutes 30 seconds.

W. O., Alexandria, Va.—C. O. Broad lifted a barrel of flour weighing with fixings 220 pounds from the floor with right hand alone 875 times in 10 minutes, at Lynn, Mass., April 14, 1875.

J. E. S., Geneva, Alabama.—There are several who accomplish the feat you name. If you have a trade or any means of occupation stick to it, there is no money in shipping rope performances.

J. R., Elkhart, Ill.—The best performance at folding newspapers was made by Chas. Flynn, at San Francisco, Cal., April 25, 1883, when he folded 500 in 13 minutes 36 seconds, three folds, heads out.

C. N., Birmingham, Eng.—1. George Arensburg set 2,064 cms solid minton, 23 cms to a line, one break line to each stickful, in 1 hour, at New York, on Feb. 19, 1870. 2. Write to the Treasury department at Washington.

R. H. B., Utah.—1. At Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1871, under directions of James Rogers in the Niagara Steam Forge, there was a locomotive frame weighing 1,350 pounds, completed in 10 hours 40 minutes. 2. Three heaters and two helpers. 3. Not as we know of.

O. S., Cambridgeport, Mass.—1. John Curren, of Providence, R. I., defeated John Dodge, of New York, in an orator-opening match at Boston, Mass., by opening 100 oysters in 3 minutes 45 seconds. 2. James Hamill was not a pugilist he was an oarsman. 3. B. wins.

H. H., Scranton, Pa.—In the 100-yard snowshoe race at Montreal, Canada, on March 4, 1871, J. D. Armstrong won in 11½ seconds. 2. Wm. McGregor played 25 ringers in 11 minutes 30 seconds, 50 in 20 minutes, 70 in 30 minutes, and 100 in 45 minutes, at Chelsea, Eng., July 6, 1878.

R. J., Buffalo, N. Y.—Many years ago a certain class of speculators on sporting events received the name of "win, tie or wrangle." They would win if they could, if they would make it a draw, and if they could neither win or tie, they would wrangle for their money.

J. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.—1. R. A. Pennell put up 301 pounds 5 ounces dumb bell, using both hands to raise the bell to the shoulder, then pushing it up slowly with one hand until the arm was fully extended and body erect. 2. It is a fair performance. 3. Send on \$3 to this office.

C. W. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—The kite you refer to was built at Rochester, N. Y., in 1833. The frame was made of lumber 2 inches wide by ¼ inch thick, covered with manilla paper; the surface was 250 square feet, and the rope that was used to fly it was ¾ of an inch thick and 5,000 feet long.

J. W. W., Bosque Grande, Roswell, New Mexico.—1. Yes. 2. Write to the party, in care of this office. 3. Yes. 4. Send for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all the trotting and running records. 5. Ten Brook has made the fastest time, 1 minute 39½ seconds, carrying 110 pounds.

J. S. K., O'Neill, Nebraska.—1. 9 minutes, 48½ seconds is the fastest running time for 2 miles in America, made by J. P. Delaney, Glenn Falls, N. Y., June 14, 1884. 2. 25 minutes, 53½ seconds, made by George Hazael. 3. D. J. Ross time is incorrect. 4. Have not Ross record. 5. In Canada. 6. No.

C. E., Sacramento.—1. Alec Keene, the once-famous English pugilist, fought six times in the prize ring. 2. Beat Billy Pally, in 59 rounds, lasting 61 minutes, Dec. 17, 1846; beat Joe Phelps, in 119 rounds lasting 2 hours 45 minutes, Dec. 6, 1847; beat Young Sumbo, 6 rounds, 19 minutes, June 20, 1848; beat Bill Hayes, 45 rounds, 1 hour 25 minutes, Sept. 3, 1860; was beaten by Young Greek, in 55 rounds, in 1 hour 25 minutes, April 30, 1844; beaten by Jack Grant, in 46 rounds, 1 hour 5 minutes, Oct. 16, 1849.

G. D., Pottsville, Pa.—Ben Terry, of Birmingham, Eng., was born in 1819, and weighed in condition 144 pounds. He beat Jim Hodgkies in 28 rounds, lasting 38 minutes, near Birmingham, Eng., May 8, 1841; beat Foster, in 62 rounds, lasting 1 hour 2 minutes, Nov. 8, 1842; beat Davis, of Birmingham, November, 1843; received £25 (\$175) forfeit from Wilson, Feb. 18, 1844; beat Tom Davis, 75 rounds, in 1 hour 30 minutes, Nov. 5, 1844; fought a draw with H. Broome, 49 rounds, in 1 hour 5 minutes, Feb. 8, 1846; was beaten by Coates and Fosh Price. Died Oct. 12, 1862.

S. A., Louisville.—As far as we can understand the objection against bookmaking, raised in some quarters, is that the system puts a premium on the defeat of the supposed best horses in the race, while in pool-selling the object of those backing the favorite is to beat all others. In plainer words, the metallicans do not want to know what horse might win, but what horse cannot or shall not win, and make their book accordingly. Doubtless, this seems an easy way to make millions, but any one can ascertain for himself that many of our cleverest bookmakers, some of whom pay out a great deal of money in the course of a season for what they call information (but which some might call bribery), are no better off in the end of the season than they were when the racing began.

ELIAS, C. B. R., Marysville, Cal.—M puts three articles up for raffie, to be thrown for with high dice, if they are supposed to be and are three distinct prizes. The highest throw to take first prize, next to the highest to take second, lowest third prize. A throws 42, B 42 and C 41. A and B being tie they throw off the tie for the highest prize. A throws 34 and B throws 32. A taking first prize; now is B entitled to the next highest prize or is C, who has 41 as against B's 32? Please answer and oblige many readers.

After A and B threw 42, C, who threw 41 is out of the contest for first or second prize, being beaten by both A and B. Throwing off the tie is a side issue between A and B, and C has no claim or any interest in the matter. The two 42's thrown in the general contest, beat him. If C had thrown 42, then he would have had the privilege of throwing off, but his second throw would have nothing to do with the first one.

B. S., Portsmouth, N. H.—The following are E. P. Stickney's feats at dumb-bell lifting: 12-pound dumb-bell put up 81 times in 40 seconds, at Portsmouth, N. H., March 4, 1885; 50½-pound dumb-bell,



MART ARCHER.



JOHN ARCHER.



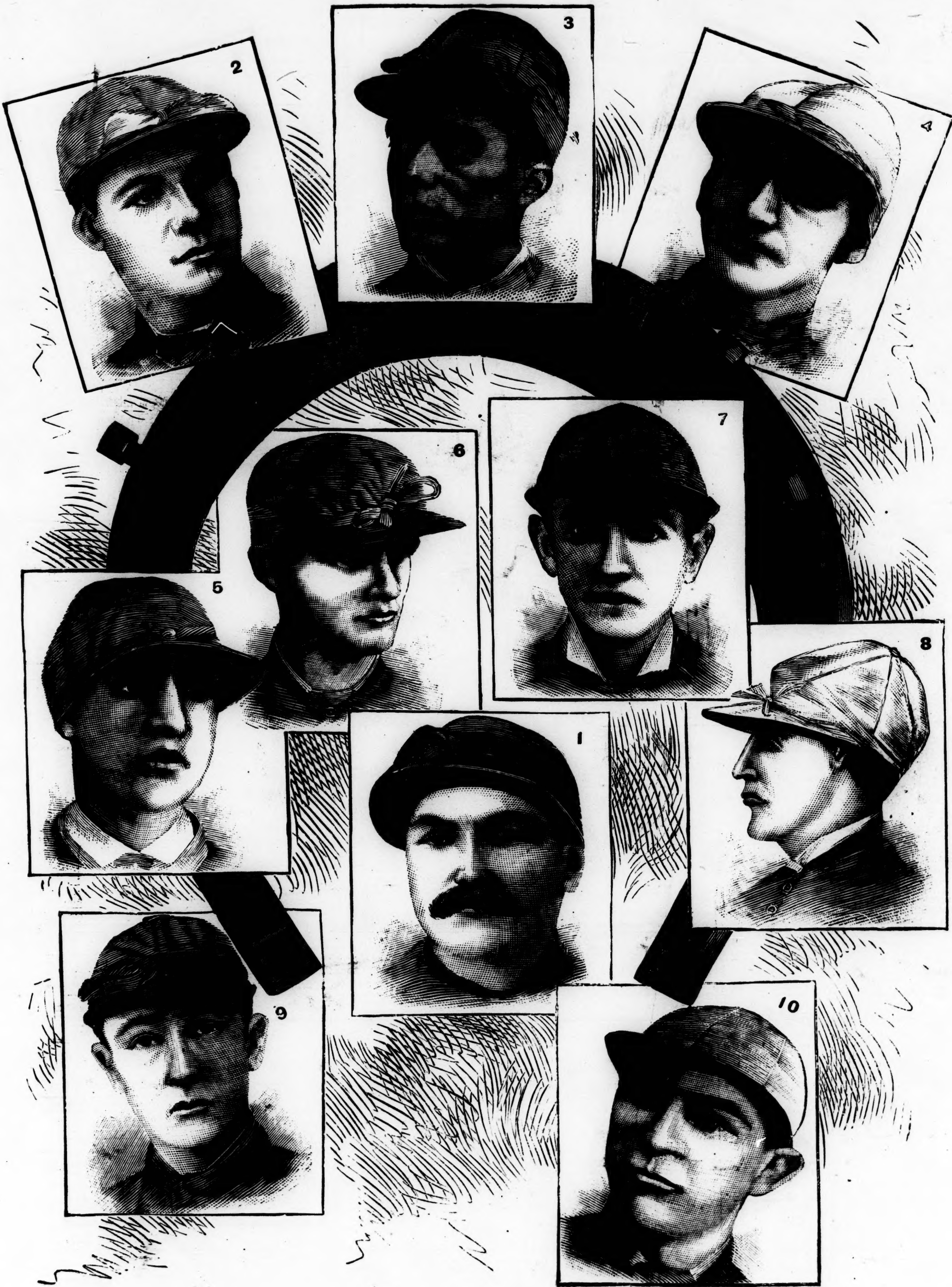
TOM ARCHER.

THE THREE LEADING MEMBERS OF THE NOTORIOUS ARCHER GANG WHO WERE LYNCHED LAST WEEK AT SHOALS, IND.



A REGULAR BATTUE.

ELEVEN CHEEKY COONS COME TO SUDDEN GRIEF IN A COURT ROOM AT CARROLLTON, MISS.



FROM POST TO FINISH.

THE BLITHE AND JOLLY YOUNG LIGHT-WEIGHTS WHO RIDE THE WINNING HORSES ON EVERY AMERICAN RACE-COURSE.

I.—James McLaughlin. II.—Thomas Costello. III.—Isaac Murphy. IV.—Pat. Meany. V.—A. McCarty, Jr. VI.—S. Fisher. VII.—Wm. Barrett. VIII.—John. Spellman. IX.—John H. Sparling. X.—Patsy Duffy.

AH, THERE!

Some of the Nice and Naughty Little
Sideshowes of the
Past Week.

Caught in the Act—Work of Lynchers
—Stole his Wife's Savings—The
Female Shoplifter—Mal-
—treated by a Gypsy.

Caught in the Act.

One of the boarders in an Augusta, Me., boarding house was annoyed at finding that some one was smoking his favorite meerschaum pipe. So he loaded it carefully with a mixture of powder and tobacco and went to business. When he returned he received an emphatic expression of opinion from an elderly and estimable lady of the family whose face was well swathed in bandages that covered powder marks. As for the pipe, that had totally disappeared.

Work of Lynchers.

On Friday night last, near French Lick, Orange County, Ind., a mob tried to force a confession from a man by lynch law. Their victim was Kinder Smith, a nephew of the late Thomas and Mart Archer, who expiated their crimes at the hands of probably the same mob. Smith was supposed to be implicated in the horrible crimes perpetrated by them in that county. The mob captured him at the house of Bennett Grigsby. The lynchers, about thirty-five in number, surrounded the house and demanded the surrender of Smith, who was soon in their possession. They marched him to a dark woods near by; a noose was hastily placed over his neck and the mob pulled up Smith's body, leaving him dangling in the air for a few moments. He was then lowered to the ground



and after recovering consciousness was again swung in midair. He was again lowered and asked to tell what he knew of the Archer gang and their crimes. He replied that he knew nothing. He was again raised by the rope and lowered, and when he revived sufficiently to speak, made no answer. Next they whipped him with a large bunch of hickory switches. He was given forty lashes. He said he was innocent of all connection with them and begged for mercy. They agreed to free him on condition that he would leave that section of the State and never again return. He accepted the proposition.

Stole His Wife's Savings.

Mrs. P. O. Schroder, a respectable woman from Niles, Ohio, went to Youngstown, O., the other morning terribly excited. She complained to the officers that the day before her husband had secretly stolen her savings, amounting to \$1,150, and had gone from home. A man answering the description had been arrested the night previous for intoxication, and



the officers took the woman into his cell. She at once identified him as her husband, and his clothing was carefully searched. Between the lining and the cloth of his pantaloons leg \$150 in bills were found. In the

other leg two five hundred dollar bills were found securely stitched to the lining. The woman refused to prosecute her husband.

The Female Shoplifter.

A professional shoplifter, arrested in St. Louis a few days ago, made an open confession and thus explained how the work is carried on by those with whom she was engaged:

"It seems to be the easiest thing in the world. They have dresses made especially for that purpose. They have a big pocket in the front of their dress so made as not to be discovered. The opening extends clear across the front of the dress, and is as deep as the skirt itself. It buttons up at the waist. Sometimes there are big pockets at the sides. Of course the skirt has to be plain, as the weight of articles in the pockets would



be plainly seen in a plaited or flounced dress. All the wearers of the dresses have to do is to stand right up at a counter and just push these things off the counter into these pockets. A bolt of cloth can be easily taken this way, or a box of soap or writing paper. The hands need not be used, a mere shove of the elbow doing the work."

Maltreated by a Gypsy.

Cora Green, a pretty fourteen-year-old girl, who escaped Sunday from John McVey, a gypsy, and his two female companions, near Greenville, Ohio, says she was kidnapped from her home, near Lebanon, Ind., over a year ago, and was compelled to travel about the country with the gypsies. McVey, she says, shot her in the head, kicked her, cut her on the body with a hatchet, beat her with a club, flogged her with a whip, and assaulted her. He also drove a nail through her foot, fastened her to a board, and swung her up to the wagon bows. Marks of the girl's wounds are still plainly visible. Her parents have been communicated with, and they will arrive at Greenville in a day or two. McVey and his two companions decamped as soon as they learned of the girl's escape. A large number of citizens are hunting for the party, and if they are captured a lynching will probably follow.

A DIVORCE IN HIGH LIFE.

President Cleveland's Cousin applies for an
Absolute Separation.

Among the other striplings who responded to his country's call when the war of the rebellion broke out was Benjamin Franklin Cleveland, a cousin of the President. Benjamin enlisted as a private in the Fifty-first New York Volunteers and served for two years. In his first battle the youth displayed so much courage that he was promoted to a corporalship and later on was made a sergeant. On the second day of the Battle of the Wilderness Sergt. Cleveland was wounded in the head and was sent home on a furlough. The young soldier was twenty years of age when he reached home. He went to his sister's house in East New York, and there met a young lady named Elizabeth Redfield. Elizabeth at the time was eighteen years of age, while the sergeant was about two years her senior.

On Sept. 6, 1864, the young soldier and the girl were married in East New York by Rev. Mr. Cleveland, a namesake, but no relative. The sergeant's courtship was brief. It was necessary for him to return to the front, and he did so as soon as his time had expired. When the war closed the sergeant returned to the North, and he and his wife took lodgings with his sister Cleveland at once took an active interest in church affairs, being naturally of a religious turn of mind, and much of his spare time was devoted to Sunday-school and parish affairs. His wife, on the contrary, was fond of amusements, and before the young couple had been living together three months it was found that they could not agree. Frequent quarrels took place, during one of which Mrs. Cleveland, it is charged, destroyed her marriage certificate. The couple maintained their marital relations, despite the ill-feeling, which grew from day to day, and in time became parents of three children, the eldest of whom, Lillian, is now nineteen years of age, while the youngest, Harry, is fifteen. Between these is a second daughter.

In 1872 the pair went to Jersey City. They went to the Heights and Cleveland joined Zabriskie Post of the Grand Army, of which he is now chaplain, and afterwards became an active member of the Union Veteran Army, of which he is Chief Chaplain.

During the latter part of 1876 and the beginning of 1877, Cleveland became acquainted with some young law students, one of whom, William McDermott, agreed to secure certain papers from Washington for the sergeant. McDermott became a frequent visitor at the house, and in time Cleveland's suspicions were aroused. He became convinced that his wife was unfaithful and accused her of intimacy with McDermott. The woman did not directly deny the charge, but refused to drop the acquaintance, and between March 27 and April 7, 1877, the couple separated.

The other afternoon Cleveland appeared before Master-in-Chancery Romaine, in Jersey City, to give testimony in an action for divorce. He will be remarried as soon as the decree is granted. For the sake of his family he brought a charge of desertion instead of adultery, as he originally intended, and he and Constable Locke were sworn. In the testimony of Locke it was shown that McDermott was arrested for open lewdness with the woman, on a warrant issued by Justice Anderson, and confined in the county jail.

Sergt. Cleveland testified as to the cause of the separation.

"Between the dates mentioned," he said, "I spoke to my wife about the visits of strange men to the house, and protested against her receiving them. She left my apartments that morning, March 27, after I went into the kitchen, and inside of a week bade me final farewell, telling me to take my children, as she was going away. I remained there until the following Sunday night, and then went to my sister's house in McPherson place. When my wife left me she went to live with McDermott, and since that time they have been living together as man and wife. They have now two children, and I am told are living in Bethune street, New York. When my wife first left me she and McDermott first went to lower Jersey City, then to the Heights and afterward to New York.

"If I had not been a church member," Cleveland said, as he concluded his testimony, "there would have been murder. I would have shot McDermott on the spot. He is the father of one of her children which was born in the county jail, and I have no doubt that he was intimate with her at least a year before its birth."

Decision in the case was reserved until another witness can be examined.

Last week we requested you to "Watch this Space." Now, if you will send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, you will receive, free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home, at which you can earn from \$5 to \$25 upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new. Both sexes—all ages. Snug little fortunes await all workers.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

CINCINNATI, March 17, 1894.
Richard K. Fox:
DEAR SIR—Received your kind letter to-day, saying as mistake was made you would give me the benefit of another insertion of advertisement No. 444.
Your kindness is appreciated, though if I had known that I should have received answers as I have already done, I should never have bothered you about putting it in again. I have some little acquaintance, and shall boom your paper as the best advertising medium that I have ever tried.

Respectfully yours,
H. BERNARD,
P. O. Box 604.

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PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCUX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham: or, New York by Daylight and after Dark. Man Traps of New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolitan Swindler. New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham. New York Tombs: its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries. Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published. Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World. Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life. Spangled World; or, Life in a Circus. The romances and realities of the tarbock circle. Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled. Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America. James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures. Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen. Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy. Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors. Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Expose of its Hidden Crimes. Bandits of the West. A Thrilling Record of Male and Female Desperadoes. Great Crimes and Criminals of America. With 24 superb illustrations. Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective. Heathen Chinee. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California. Guiltless Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield. Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guiltless Crime. A history of the trial and sentence. Crime Avenged. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer. Espoisto. Lives of Brigands in Europe and America. The monarchs of the mountains. Fast Men of America; or, Racing with Time from the Cradle to the Grave. Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime. or Murder in the Air. A romance of Metropolitan real life. Faro Exposed. A Complete Expose of the Great American Game.

Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

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Reading Notices..... 2.00
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No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.
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FREE PRESCRIPTIONS are to be found in the "SCIENCE OF HEALTH," for the speedy cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Despondency, etc. A copy of this book will be sent free, sealed, Address SCIENCE OF HEALTH, 130 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Fastest Time Ever Made Running, Walking, Bicycle Riding, both by amateurs and professionals; winners of great events on land and water; baseball and prize ring records, and a galaxy of sporting statistics is published in the "Sporting Man's Companion," now out. Price 25 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

"Wicked Nell," 50c.; "Cranky Ann," 50c.; "Chicago After Dark," 50c.; "Irish Mollie," 50c.; "Many Secrets Revealed," 50c.; "Vices of London," 15c.; all the above books securely wrapped, postpaid, \$2.00. QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT, Box 709, Plainfield, N. J.

Flanny Hill. And Other Obscene Works. These Kill Copyrighted. Four (4) finely Engraved Publications, \$2. (10c.). Sample copy, 12c. (8c.). Delivered for export. Repayments, either transit or location being unfit. Haley & Booth, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

OLD-TIME Books, Cards, Photos, etc. Anything you want, Samples free. Agents wanted. Express only. No postal cards answered. W. H. REED, Detroit, Mich.

Classical Books, Rich, Rare and Rare. Boccaccio's Decameron and Heptameron, illustrated; \$3 each, both for \$5. Sent by express only. FITZGERALD & Co., 5 Murray Street, N. Y.

Patent Binders, Containing Four of the latest issues, for filing the POLICE GAZETTE, can be purchased at the Police Gazette Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York. Price, \$1.50 each.

Dealers and Readers. Big lot of Sensational Books at one-fifth value. Sample Book and price sent for 25c. DAVIS & QUINN, 23 Rose St., New York.

Different Ways of Doing It. 30c.; Marriage Guide, 50c.; Book of Nature, \$1; Decameron, \$3; Heptameron, \$3. G. C. Nov. Co., Chicago.

Maud's Confession, with photo. Sent sealed for 10c. Maud Demerest, 103 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

"Vices of London," a rare, spicy book, small, but rich, for 15c. DRAWER M., Plainfield, N. J.

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